

# THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

VOL. XL.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1927.

No. 22

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... ..	743
THE "SEE RED" DANGER ... ..	746
BRITAIN AND CHINA. From a Resident in Shanghai ...	747
A TALK WITH MUSSOLINI. By Francis Hackett ...	749
AT ST. STEPHEN'S: "WOOL AND WATER." By Our Parlia- mentary Correspondent ... ..	751
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa ... ..	752
ON THE RELUCTANCE TO BUY BOOKS. By Peter Ibbetson ...	753
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Sheltered and Unsheltered Price- Levels (D. T. Jack); Books and the Public (Maurice Marston) ... ..	754
MR. CHURCHILL ON THE WAR. By J. M. Keynes ...	754
BELIEF IN A LIFE FORCE. By R. B. Braithwaite ...	756
THE DRAMA:— Thrillers. By Francis Birrell ... ..	757
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron ... ..	758
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:— Old Europe. By Leonard Woolf ... ..	760
REVIEWS:— New and Old Novelists. By Edward Garnett ...	761
Marlowe Reconstructed. By Barrington Gates ...	761
Medical Views on Birth Control. By Norman Haire ...	762
A History of Art ... ..	763
Marshall's Contributions to Statecraft ... ..	763
The Inquisition. By A. F. ... ..	764
Elizabethan Reprints ... ..	764
Potted Johnson ... ..	766
ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE ... ..	766
NOVELS IN BRIEF ... ..	766
BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	766
NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS ... ..	768
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES ... ..	770
INSURANCE NOTES:— Financial Independence. By Scribo ... ..	770
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. By Philatelist ... ..	772
FINANCIAL SECTION:— The Week in the City ... ..	774

THE NATION is edited and published at 38, Great James Street, W.C. 1. Annual Subscription, Thirty Shillings, including postage to any part of the world. Communications should be accompanied by a stamped envelope for return.

## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE news from China is extremely baffling. There can be no doubt that the Northern Generals have thrown considerable forces into Shanghai, and are massing troops at strategic points in the Yang-tze basin. At the same time, rumours of *pourparlers* between the Northerners and the Cantonese continue to circulate, and are confirmed to some extent by the lull in military operations, and the well authenticated report that the Nationalist leaders are assembling for a general conference. It certainly appears to be probable that some overtures have been made by Chang Tso-lin or his subordinates; but how far they are sincere, or what prospect there is of their leading to an agreement, remains to be seen. It is possibly significant that tele-

grams endorsing Mr. Porter's resolution, proposing independent American action in dealing with China, appear to have been dispatched simultaneously by Mr. Eugene Chen, the Cantonese Foreign Minister, and by Mr. Wellington Koo, the Foreign Minister at Peking, and both made public through the Chinese Minister at Washington.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, the position at Shanghai remains extremely delicate. Chinese refugees are pouring into the International Concession, and on February 26th the boundary of the Settlement was guarded by British troops, at the request of the Municipal Council, an international authority, made through the Consular Body. Italian Marines co-operated with the British, and a strong force of American Marines is on the spot. A large proportion of the British Shanghai Defence Force is being retained at Hong-kong; but on March 1st, Sir Austen Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons that British troops were now occupying positions at Shanghai outside the limits of the Concession. This may be necessary, in order to regulate the stream of fugitives and secure the city against brigandage; but it obviously creates a dangerous situation, as the troops are on Chinese territory, and must be astride the communications of one of the contending armies. It is unfortunate that it has proved impossible, so far, to secure any agreement for the creation of a neutral zone round the city. Meanwhile, it would be helpful if British Press representatives in Northern China would pay some regard to the declared policy of the British Government, and refrain from giving the impression that Great Britain is taking sides in the quarrel between North and South.

\* \* \*

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland has a good departmental reputation; and it is perhaps a tribute to his natural sincerity that he cut so poor a figure on Monday, when he had to explain to a sceptical House of Commons the Government's policy with regard to the ratification of the Washington Hours Convention. This Convention, which was designed to establish a maximum 48-hour week by international agreement, was signed more than seven years ago; but, though several other States have ratified it, Great Britain has not yet done so. Until last year, the British Government could advance fairly plausible reasons for its hesitation. As Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland put it: "It is not ratification primarily that matters. What is important is an actual identical interpretation, and adequate enforcement after ratification." In other words, our Government was afraid lest general ratification might mean that the Convention would be a reality in Britain, but a dead letter elsewhere. Last year, however, Sir Arthur himself set out to overcome this difficulty by summoning a conference in London of "the chief industrial Powers of Europe"; and this Conference was successful in reaching an

B

agreement as to how the Convention should be interpreted and enforced. As Sir Arthur claims with justice, if he had been trying to torpedo the Convention, it would have been a simple matter for him to have secured that the London Conference should break down. But this evidence that he was "in earnest" last year makes more mysterious the subsequent inaction of the Government.

\* \* \*

The Minister of Labour's attempts to account for this dilatoriness were singularly unconvincing. He argued that the Bill which the German Government has introduced is not quite in accordance with the terms of the London agreement, and so, he appeared to suggest, the difficulties about interpretation still remain. But how can we complain of this when we, on our side, have taken no steps at all to carry out the joint agreement? The real explanation of the mystery appeared by indirect allusions in the course of the debate. Since the London agreement was reached, the coal stoppage has intervened; the Government has passed the Eight Hours Act; and in some districts the surface workers employed by the coal-mines, and possibly even the underground workers too, are now working longer hours than are permissible under the Washington Convention. It is not surprising that the Government should be reluctant to dwell upon this point, and it is not surprising that Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland should be exceedingly uncomfortable.

\* \* \*

The Draft Convention prohibiting the use of white lead in internal painting is, no doubt, a much less important document than the Washington Convention on Hours of Labour, but the Government have even less excuse for their failure to ratify it. The question of lead poisoning was raised again in the House of Lords last week by Lord Arnold, who called attention to the resignation of Sir Thomas Legge from the position of Senior Medical Inspector of Factories in protest against the Government's attitude towards the Draft Convention. In an able speech, Lord Arnold showed how thirty countries, including Great Britain, had agreed in 1921 to prohibit the use of lead paint for interior work after 1927 and how by the Lead Paint Act, passed last year, the Government had gone back on prohibition and adopted the alternative policy of regulation. Those who have followed the correspondence in our columns on this subject will not have been impressed by the arguments of the lead paint manufacturers, but their influence on the Government has proved decisive. There is, of course, no technical obligation to ratify a draft international labour convention, but the moral obligation in this case was so strong that the eminent civil servant most intimately concerned refused to be a party to default. It is deplorable that considerations of international good faith and public health should have been overruled by the power of vested interests.

\* \* \*

The British Government, with the concurrence of the Dominions, have accepted President Coolidge's proposals for a conversation on further limitation of naval armaments, with a proviso that the discussions must be carefully adjusted to the work of the Preparatory Commission at Geneva. This decision should command general approval. The fact that the British Empire and Japan have accepted, with whatever qualifications, the President's proposals, will furnish him with an effective reply to the Big Navy Group in the United States, and will in itself facilitate the continuance of American co-operation at Geneva, where the American representatives have already made most valuable con-

tributions to the work of the Sub-Commissions. At the same time, the tenor of the British reply should remove any suspicions on the part of the Continental States that Great Britain is contemplating independent action, inconsistent with the activities of the League. Indeed, it is obvious that, while the United States, looking mainly to the Pacific, might rest content with a Three-Power Pact, this could never offer to Great Britain a satisfactory equivalent for the more general scheme under discussion at Geneva.

\* \* \*

It is not yet fully or generally realized how great the progress made at Geneva has been. The Reports of Sub-Commissions "A" and "B," while they emphasize the magnitude and complexity of the problem, give striking proof of the sincerity and ability with which it has been tackled by the experts on its technical side. The Preparatory Commission itself will assemble this month, in order to frame the outline of a Convention which can be laid before the Disarmament Conference. The Commission, it should be noted, consists not of experts but of politicians, whose task it will be to adjust to the larger issues of international policy, the technical findings of the Sub-Commissions. There were points on which the experts were far from unanimous; they were bound to put their several views on record. It is for the Commission to seek a compromise. There is no reason to think the task insoluble. In the March issue of *HEADWAY*, the organ of the League of Nations Union, there is a draft skeleton treaty, prepared by a leading authority, on the basis of the Sub-Commissions' reports. Some of the provisions in that draft may be controversial; but it shows clearly how much progress has been made in reducing the problem to a concrete form. The American conversations should assist in this process, and it is at least possible that France may yet reconsider her decision to stand aside, on the understanding that full effect is given to the British proviso.

\* \* \*

The report of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the Labrador boundary is an interesting and important illustration of the peculiar functions exercised by that body. The territory in dispute is larger than Great Britain, and has become of great commercial importance during the last quarter of a century, through the development of hydro-electric power, and the production of paper from wood-pulp. Admittedly, Newfoundland possessed, under various Statutes, Proclamations, and Orders in Council, authority over the "Coast" of Labrador; but the Canadian Government contended that this was intended to give her only a one-mile strip along the shore. The Judicial Committee have now decided substantially in favour of the Newfoundland Government's claim, which gives them territory running back about a hundred miles from the sea. The chief significance of the case, however, lies not in the decision itself, but in the fact that both Dominion Governments voluntarily referred an issue of such magnitude to the jurisdiction of the Committee. Their action is a tribute both to the high reputation of the Committee itself for impartiality and legal learning, and to the working of the unwritten constitution that holds together the British Commonwealth of Nations.

\* \* \*

Sir Herbert Samuel's speech to the Eighty Club on Monday evening has made a great impression. Here is a distinguished Liberal, in charge of the Party machine, who obviously means business, and is more interested in policy than in personalities. His announcement that



at least five hundred Liberal candidates will go to the polls at the next General Election has caused an amusing flutter in the Conservative doves. Mr. W. W. Paine, for instance, expresses his horror in a letter to the *TIMES* :—

"Many of us," he writes, "would gladly see an arrangement whereby, in a certain number of constituencies, Liberals would be left to a straight fight with the Socialists in the hope that, with the support of the Conservative vote, they might obtain a representation in Parliament more commensurate with their numbers and with the historic importance of their party."

But the suggestion that Liberal candidates are to be run "indiscriminately in opposition to both Conservatives and Socialists" distresses Mr. Paine very much. "Is there," he asks, "any more certain way of putting the Socialists in power?" It would be interesting to know what representation in Parliament he would consider "commensurate with the numbers and historic importance" of the Liberal Party. Most Liberals would be content with the 1906 figures.

\* \* \*

The Board of Trade has at last begun the publication, in its *Journal*, of the results of the Census of Production. The information relates to the industrial operations of 1924, and is already somewhat out-of-date, but as the last Census was that of 1907 we must be thankful for what we can get. The time will come, no doubt, when it will be found worth while to keep continuous check on our industrial activities, thus offering to capital seeking investment and to labour seeking employment better guidance than a process of trial and error affords. The first instalment of the present Census deals with iron and steel production. Exact comparison with 1907, owing to changes in the schedules used, is difficult. But apparently our output of pig-iron, as compared with that of the former year, is down by about 25 per cent., our output of iron and steel products is up by about 25 per cent., and our output of tinplates is up by about 50 per cent. Employment in these industries, taken together, is about at the 1907 level. Output per head averages about £220, as against £118 in 1907. Statistics of output need also to be related to statistics of earnings, of which particulars were obtained in the 1924 Wage Census and which are also appearing serially, but in the *LABOUR GAZETTE*. Is it too much to hope that the two departments concerned will produce some joint publication, in which all this important information will be conveniently accessible?

\* \* \*

The first batch of the 1927-8 Estimates—those of the Civil and Revenue Departments—have now been issued, and the annual cold douche duly administered to the ever-optimistic taxpayer. The total of these estimates is £305.4 millions, as compared with original estimates of £300.6 millions for 1926-7, and final estimates of £311.5 millions. £2.5 millions more are wanted for Old Age Pensions, £1.8 millions more for subsidizing beet sugar, £.5 million more for Empire marketing, and £1.1 millions more for housing subsidies. The Post Office is to cost £2.7 millions more, but here, presumably, there will be a corresponding increase in revenue. Against these increases, we are to spend £1.0 million less on the Middle East, £4.0 millions less on unemployment (*i.e.*, loans to local authorities), and £2.5 millions less on War Pensions, but what relief there is from this last source is earmarked for Contributory Pensions. In no other direction, apparently, has retrenchment been found possible. And does anyone suppose we shall get through the coming session without estimates supplementary to these?

Incidentally, the Estimates have been reclassified, but the new classification is hardly less of a muddle than the old one. To understand it, and to bring intelligent criticism to bear, calls for endless patience, arithmetical skill, and the instincts of a sleuth. For example, there are included in Class V., as separate headings, "Grants in respect of Unemployment Schemes," "Unemployment Grants, and "Relief of Unemployment." But further expenditure under these heads is borne on the vote for the Scottish Office, and is not accounted for here, and none of them has anything to do with the contribution made by the State to Unemployment Insurance! That is a charge on the Ministry of Labour vote, the estimate for which, for a reason which has nothing to do with accounting, is removed altogether from its class and appears elsewhere in the document. It is difficult to believe that it is impossible for the accounts to be presented in a more enlightening form. Are there no private members with sufficient interest in the subject, and sufficient sense of their responsibilities, to make themselves heard on it in the House? And would not a strong plea for the presentation of the national accounts in intelligible form be at least as useful as most of those academic motions which occupy the time of the House in Committee of Supply?

\* \* \*

The strike of the electricians in the employ of the Bermondsey Borough Council came to an end last week. Though a very small affair, it has been worthy of some notice, first as an exhibition of trade unionism running amok, and secondly because in its final stages it developed into a dispute between two overlapping unions which under the terms of settlement will be a test-case of considerable importance. The Electrical Trades Union chose to back up the unofficial and lightning strike because of the attitude of the Union of Corporation Workers, who virtually claimed the right to enrol all municipal employees irrespective of craft and department. Thus the dispute developed into the old issue of craft *versus* industrial unionism. The terms of settlement provide for the transfer of the man who was the cause of all the trouble to another department in the Council's employ, pending arbitration on the whole question by the Trades Union Congress. The T.U.C. is certainly the right body to adjust these inter-union rivalries, but whatever its decision on this matter, we hope it will have the courage to rap the knuckles of the E.T.U. very hard, not only for wounding the susceptibilities of the Bermondsey Labour Mayor, but also for countenancing the tactics of the lightning strike.

\* \* \*

The resolution recently passed by the Church Assembly and strongly supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Hugh Cecil, urging further help for the settlement of Armenian Refugees on available agricultural land in Syria shows that the Armenian problem is still troubling the consciences of Churchmen. For the first time constructive proposals for dealing with this part of the problem are being made. The Assistant High Commissioner for Refugees under the League of Nations has just returned from an investigation on the spot, and reports that the French authorities are anxious for our co-operation, that there is land available in Syria, and that, provided due care is taken not to rouse the many racial and religious animosities prevalent in that part of the world, a self-supporting future for twenty thousand of the most needy Armenians, at present concentrated in unhealthy camps, is possible. The cost would be about £120,000, and a deputation from the combined British Societies interested is to wait upon the Prime Minister to urge upon him the necessity for assistance.

## THE "SEE RED" DANGER

WHEN Sir Austen Chamberlain penned his "protest and warning" to Moscow, he must have been aware that he was inviting a dialectical defeat. He has certainly got it. He set out to charge the Soviet Government with "flagrant violation" of the undertakings to refrain from hostile propaganda contained in the Trade Agreement of 1923. On what evidence did he base his charge? On an array of extracts from hostile speeches delivered at Moscow or Vladivostok by "men holding high positions in Russia," and on hostile articles and cartoons appearing in *Izvestia*. These quotations might suffice if the only point it was desired to establish was that the leaders of Soviet Russia do not love us any more than we love them. But as evidence of the charge which Sir Austen Chamberlain was making, they are far from convincing. As M. Litvinoff was quick to point out, the undertaking of 1921 bound the Soviet Government to refrain from hostile propaganda "outside its own borders." The undertaking of 1923 bound them "not to support with funds or in any other form persons or bodies or agencies or institutions whose aim is to spread discontent or to foment rebellion in any part of the British Empire." Utterances within Russia, however violent, are clearly outside the scope of the former undertaking; and it requires a rather elaborate argument, which Sir Austen did not attempt, to relate them to the latter. Yet this was all the evidence which Sir Austen offered, although he claimed at the end of his Note to have given an "account of the grievous outrages and injuries to British interests committed by or through the agency of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

M. Litvinoff had, therefore, an easy task in his reply. After arguing that Sir Austen Chamberlain's quotations were irrelevant to his charge, he proceeded to establish a triumphant *tu quoque* by means of extracts from the speeches of Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, and other British Ministers. It is hard to deny that Lord Birkenhead is at least as official as M. Bukharin or *Izvestia*, and that a description of the Soviet Government as "a gang of assassins and robbers" is a fair parallel to the diatribes of which Sir Austen complains. M. Litvinoff was then able to proceed in a tone of great suavity. Surely it was a mistake to attach too much importance to unfriendly speeches and articles, which were not the root of the trouble but the expression of troubles which lay deeper:—

"The Soviet Government deplures the unsatisfactory conditions of the relations between Russia and Great Britain indicated in the British Government's Note. It believes, however, that to explain these regrettable circumstances by mutual accusations and an unfriendly tone in the Press of the two countries would be to take cause for effect and *vice-versa*."

The thing to aim at was to remove the difficulties between the two countries and to establish "quite normal relations." The Soviet Government "will welcome the British Government sincerely if it will go to meet it on this path."

Sir Austen Chamberlain has announced that he does not propose to pursue the correspondence any further. It is clear enough that he does not wish to terminate the Trade Agreement or to break off relations with Russia. What, then, was the purpose of his Note, and what is its significance? There is little doubt about the purpose. The Note was primarily designed

to meet the exigencies of our domestic politics. It was a concession to the school, strongly represented in the Tory Party, and not unrepresented in the Cabinet, which wishes to "Clear out the Reds." Whether the Note has done anything to satisfy this school is another matter. It is difficult to see how anyone in Britain can derive satisfaction from the spectacle of the Foreign Secretary getting the worst of an international argument. But our present Government spends most of its time in making silly concessions to silly agitators. The important question is what practical mischief is likely to result.

In the present case, there is no immediate risk of actual mischief. For the time being, Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead will have to console themselves with Sir Austen's Note; and Sir Austen will be left free to pursue his wise and far-sighted policy in China. But the respite may prove a very brief one. If we cast our minds forward a year or two, and picture the outlook for the Conservative Government and the Conservative Party on the eve of the next General Election, if we reflect that some botchery over the unpopular project of increasing the powers of the House of Lords is likely to be added to a general record of futility and failure, it is easy to imagine how welcome to them may appear the prospect of a first-class row with Russia. The cry of anti-Red is the most effective slogan which the Tory Party has at its command. It will be tempting to create a situation enabling them to exploit this cry to its utmost electoral value, all the more tempting since most Conservatives feel genuinely enough the emotions which they will be exploiting and can therefore set about the business with a clear conscience. We are seriously uneasy as to the influence which party calculations of this kind, conscious with some and sub-conscious with others, may exert during the next two years on our relations with Russia. Sir Austen Chamberlain's Note has prepared the ground for a breach, if a breach should be desired. He has claimed in effect that hostile speeches in Russia by the orators of the Third International are a sufficient ground for terminating the Trade Agreement. It can hardly be expected that no such speeches will be delivered during the next two years. The Government will thus be able, if they think it suits their book or if the pressure from their backbenches is too strong for them, to break off relations with a fair showing of exhausted patience.

We are disconcerted to observe a tendency even in moderate quarters to speak as though the "menace of Bolshevism" was becoming steadily more formidable. This is surely to misread the situation. It is not easy, we admit, to be satisfied that one has ascertained the truth about anything relating to Russia in the atmosphere of unreliable rumour which still takes the place of information. But, so far as we can judge, the essential truth about Anglo-Russian relations since the Armistice is as follows. There have been three phases. In the first phase, our Government tried as hard and did as much to upset Soviet institutions as the Soviet Government did to upset ours. In the second phase, we not only professed to abandon these hostile attempts; we really did abandon them. Some of our Ministers and sections of our Press still continued to indulge in lurid invective against the Soviet regime. But everyone in Britain knows that these were the hard words that break no bones, that they were designed to give relief to the speaker's or the writer's feelings, or perhaps to win votes or to attract circulation, but that they did not reflect British policy, which was quite definitely to leave Russian institutions alone, to restore commercial intercourse, and to aim at a gradual im-



provement of relations. In this phase, the Soviet Government made rather similar professions, but it did not act up to them. It continued to make as much trouble for us as it could in Britain itself, in our Eastern Empire, and in other States, going so far indeed as to give a specially anti-British twist to its general propaganda of world revolution. This was the phase in which there was most ground for British exasperation.

But we have now reached, unless we are greatly mistaken, a third phase, in which the Russian position has become very much what ours has been during recent years; that is to say, the Soviet Government has virtually abandoned the policy of trying to injure Britain, although it is still necessary to allow M. Bukharin and Izvestia to talk anti-British nonsense in the same way and for the same reasons that Mr. Baldwin feels bound to let Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead have their heads. That is the real significance of the recent quarrels among the Soviet leaders about which the British Press was so unilluminatingly profuse a few months ago. There was a sharp conflict of policy between two schools; the school which wished to concentrate on governing Russia, and the school which wished to concentrate on world-revolution. The former school won—not so completely or so securely that they can afford to censor the oratory of the Third International or openly to repudiate the sentiments of which Sir Austen Chamberlain complains—but decisively enough to leave the control of policy in their hands, and to provide an opportunity, if the British Government desires to use it, to place Anglo-Russian relations on a more satisfactory and friendly footing.

There is nothing in recent developments in China or in the support given by Russia to the miners during our coal dispute—the two matters which have enraged our middle-class opinion—to contradict this impression. It would have been impossible for the Soviet leaders, however anxious to keep on friendly terms with official Britain, to have vetoed assistance to the miners. All over the Continent, trade unions were sending contributions. In Russia the trade unions are, as they are not in other countries, organically connected with the State; and this undoubtedly puts a different complexion on their assistance. None the less, if no assistance had been sent, the inevitable impression would have been that the Soviet regime cared less for the Solidarity of Labour than the backward trade unions of capitalist lands. Clearly this is not a reproach which the Soviet leaders could afford to incur. As for the magnitude of the contributions sent, this was, if rumour is correct, one of the issues in the internal quarrels of last autumn, the Stalin school representing forcibly that Russia could not afford to incur expenditure on so large a scale for purposes from which she derived no benefit whatever.

The part played by Russian Communists in inflaming anti-British feeling in China is not easy to determine; it has certainly been considerable; it is equally certainly not the major part of the story. But it is rash to attribute responsibility to the Soviet Government for the proceedings of every Russian Communist in China. Suppose, for example, that the Soviet Government thoroughly disapprove of M. Borodin's present activities. How are they to put a stop to them? He is not their servant; they have no control over him. He might perhaps feel bound to obey stern orders from the Third International. But, then, is it really as easy for the Soviet Government to bend the Third International to their wishes, in a direction in conflict with orthodox Communist doctrine, as we are apt to assume? Have we not made rather too much of the "organic connection" between the two institutions? We suspect that it is no easier for the Soviet Government to control

M. Borodin than it is for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to control Mr. Cook.

We believe that the myth of world revolution has faded from the more sensible minds in Russia, as so foolish a myth was bound to do; that the more sensible minds are in control of policy (though not of M. Bukharin or M. Borodin), and that there is no good reason why relations between Britain and Russia should not improve. But we in Britain have our own myths too. And, if the present Government should rate a good election cry higher than good international relations, they would not find it hard to manufacture.

## BRITAIN AND CHINA

(FROM A RESIDENT IN SHANGHAI.)

THESE words are written in Shanghai on January 22nd. By the time they are published Britain and China may be virtually at war with one another, or rather Britain may be bringing her forces to China to meet the forces of the Chinese Nationalist army. If that should happen it may be of interest to some who read to see the situation as it appears to one who has persistently tried to see both sides and has intimate friends belonging to the various groups.

Leaving out of consideration the remoter provinces we may say that China is virtually divided between the Nationalists and the Northern Generals. The latter include four outstanding personalities: Wu Pei-fu, who is a broken man and can do little by himself; Chang Tso-ling, with his Manchurian forces still intact, dreading Russian influence, yet not inclined to run any great risk in defending his supposed allies; Chang Chung Chang in Shantung, a strong administrator and a violent man, more feared than liked and well intrenched in his own province; and Sun Chuang-fang, recently beaten by the South but not yet discredited, perhaps able to make a stand in Chekiang, but not able to count upon all his generals when the real fight comes.

The Nationalists have two great generals, Chiang Kai-shek, who has led the Cantonese army with such skill and dash, and Tang Shen-chih, a devout Buddhist, whose troops are among the finest in China, and who is only half a convert to the Nationalist cause. These two men are none too friendly, and a clash between them might greatly weaken the Nationalist movement. At the same time the Northern Allies are bound only by ties of expediency, and nothing would cause less surprise than to see their separation from one another. Broadly speaking, it may be said that Nationalists stand for an ideal as expressed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and that they command the enthusiasm of the student class and labourers, while the middle classes and big merchants are hesitating supporters at best, and, in parts of China not yet under the South, their open enemies. The Northern Generals stand for the old order; they have little idealism, but each of the four has shown some power to administer a large area. It is generally felt that each stands first of all for himself, though that judgment might not be equally true of all.

Everyone realizes that the Kuo Ming Tang, or Republican Party, has two wings. The Right Wing stands for Dr. Sun's principles. It believes in a democratic form of government, but it is not Communist. It believes in the revision, and perhaps in the abrogation, of the so-called unequal treaties, but is prepared to reach this goal, if possible, through negotiation with Britain and other Powers. It is glad to have Russia's help, but fears Russia's domination. It is strongly represented in the fighting forces, but has agreed to leave the propaganda to the Left

Wing. On one occasion it tried conclusions with the Russian element, and was temporarily victorious, but it is very doubtful if the result of such a trial of strength to-day would be the same.

The Left Wing, on the other hand, is Communist. It preaches class-war and hatred towards foreigners and towards Britain in particular. It is in full sympathy with or under the control of Russia. It is anti-Christian and apparently desires to stamp out the Christian Church in China. It controls the propaganda section whose chief in each division of the army has a position co-ordinate to the military commander, and is equally held responsible in case of defeat. The weapons whereby it hopes to attain its ends, including especially the humiliation of Britain, are strikes, boycotts, and mob-violence. These are carried out by means of a propaganda of which organized lying is one of the chief features. It draws its main strength from the younger students and the workers' and farmers' unions.

At the time of writing the Left Wing appears to be actually stronger than the Right, though there is no open division, and it must not be supposed that there is any sharp line on one or other side of which any particular person must put himself. The official policy is that of "one-party," which means that, until the revolution is complete and China can be unified under a Republican Government, there must be no internal division. When this unification is accomplished it is expected that there will be a trial of strength between the two wings. The bulk of reasonable Chinese who support the Nationalist cause, assume, perhaps too easily, that the Left Wing cannot possibly prevail over the Right, and that any danger of excessive Russian influence will be removed speedily and effectually when the time comes.

The position of the more moderate leaders is an extremely difficult one. To try conclusions now would be to embark upon a dangerous enterprise; even if successful it would gravely weaken the Nationalist cause and probably leave it at the mercy of the Northern Generals. On the other hand, by continuing the alliance they run the risk of putting China under the dominance of Russia for a generation, and as recent events in Hankow and other places show, they head straight for international complications. Without the aid of the fiery propagandists of the Left, the whole movement, which is certainly the most hopeful thing in China to-day, may collapse or be delayed in its progress for years. Using their help, the movement may be faced with the antagonism of Britain and other Powers who cannot surrender to mob violence, however great their sympathies with the Nationalist cause. It is remembered that the Tai Ping rebellion, which it is the fashion to idealize to-day, swept through Southern and Central China and was brought to a stop in the Yang-tze Valley by British help. Is the same thing to happen again to-day?

The determining factor in the situation may well be Russia. The influence of Borodin is undoubtedly very great, and it seems to be the chief influence in Hankow to-day. It is reported that Chiang Kai-shek recently told him that he must withdraw and let Chinese control the movement themselves. The answer was virtually, "Return the forty million taels we have advanced and we will leave you to-morrow." Whether the story be true or false, it reveals the essential facts. With his hand upon the rudder stands this man. He has no illusions as to China going Communist. That is not his aim. He wants China to feel that her one friend in the great struggle for national expression has been Russia. And, through China, he wants to strike Britain to the dust. At the moment of writing it seems as if that hand could not be wrenched from the rudder. A year ago a notable act of friendship by Britain

towards China, the taking of the initiative in a bold imaginative and friendly policy towards China, might have shown the people of this great country that she had more to gain from Britain's friendship than from Russia's. To-day the forces that make for suspicion and enmity toward Britain have been immensely augmented largely through the campaign of falsehood. The Wanh sien affair has been added to the May 30th in Shanghai and the June 23rd in Canton; and even the amazing display of self-restraint in Hankow is being reported all over China as a slaughter of one hundred, two hundred, and even tens of thousands of Chinese by British. Each of these events has been thrown up in a light which makes them appear as part of a deliberate imperialistic policy on the part of Britain. To get through with the truth seems almost impossible.

Recently Britain has gone very far in her offers to China. She has taken a line which a year ago would have opened the door to friendly relations. As one of the Nationalist leaders put it, however, "In the last year we have moved a century." What is demanded now is nothing short of abrogation of the treaties giving full tariff autonomy, handing over all the concessions, abolishing extra-territoriality. Can Britain accept this? It seems probable that Britain would be prepared to discuss all these questions in a most liberal spirit with any Chinese Government. But it is doubtful if that will satisfy.

Take the one case of Shanghai. When the Southerners get here they say they will come not "as conquerors but as administrators." What does this mean? It surely includes the policing of the international settlement. In view of the difficulty of this task and the knowledge we have of the extreme elements in the party, can any authority allow this transfer to be made in the meantime? If it is refused there will probably be strikes and boycotts. In this settlement there is a population of about a million Chinese. In the present state of feeling the control of this vast population, especially with labour unrest, may at any moment precipitate "an incident." The only way to prevent looting and mob-rule may be measures that lead to loss of life. It is not difficult to see how such an eventuality may lead to war or virtual war between Britain and China.

It may be urged that the reasonable people in the Nationalist Government will see this danger and the impossibility of making a sudden change, that they will be prepared to accept the *status quo* with provision for a full discussion as to the ultimate fate of the settlement. No doubt they would. But the question is not their attitude but the power of the Left Wing to force the situation. Can the Government accept anything less than the policing of the Settlement without precipitating a crisis within the party or opening the door to mob-violence such as has been seen elsewhere? Can Britain and the Powers accept the policing of the Settlement in view of their responsibilities for the lives of their subjects, to say nothing of the property? This seems to be the dilemma we are facing to-day. The answer to it will probably be given while this article is on its way home.

The real issue may, perhaps, be put in another way. Can the Nationalist Movement in China be friends at the same time with Russia and with Britain? From Russia it has gained money, sympathy, practical skill, and organization. Without Russia the party could scarcely have hoped to be where she is to-day. To turn from Russia now looks like the abandonment of these high hopes and with no assurance that from any other quarter could she gain what she would lose without Russia's help. Even if China's mind might be considered to be so clearly shown as to justify Britain in helping the Nationalist cause to victory (and this is an assumption very difficult to make),



would Britain be prepared to do for it what Russia has done, and if she were prepared would her help be accepted? These questions are easier to ask than to answer. We cannot forget that Britain is profoundly distrusted in China to-day. Her promises are not taken at their face value. Every approach is suspected. False implications are put upon even acts of friendship such as the December Memorandum. Deliberate falsehoods are circulated and believed on every hand, as, for example, that Britain is financing the Northern Generals. It is in this atmosphere that British diplomacy is working.

In her favour are two or three factors. The stoppage of trade with Britain and the closing of factories would create a financial and unemployment problem very difficult for the new Government to handle. The enmity of Britain, while its effects may be underestimated by Nationalist leaders, is not a factor to be faced lightly when the Northern Generals are still undefeated. It is possible that extremist measures by Southern sympathizers may range other countries with Britain, a still more serious proposition. A world sentiment against Nationalist China may seem little to her Russian advisers, but cannot be lightly set aside by Chinese as a whole. These are some of the factors which are operating towards a peaceful solution. The factors on the other side have been stated and the dilemma of the Nationalist leaders is an intensely real one. No one who desires the good of China can fail to appreciate their difficulty.

It has been said that Britain and China may be at war—or virtually at war—when this article appears in print. It is also possible that a solution may have been found and we may be sailing out together into calmer waters. In that case one can only say it will mark one of the greatest triumphs of patience, forbearance, and goodwill ever achieved by British diplomacy. Even should it seem to mark some surrender of immediate British interests, there is no doubt that in the long run such a solution will be for the good of Britain, of China, and of the World.

## A TALK WITH MUSSOLINI

PROFESSOR SALVEMINI, the Italian Liberal who saved his life only by leaving Fascist Italy, assured me in London that if I put a thing to Mussolini in the light of pacifism he would watch me to see what I expected and would answer me correspondingly, and that later on if I turned the question adroitly and gave it a militaristic twist, he would assent militaristically.

It did not work out altogether in this way. Convinced as he is that imperialism is at the base of the life of every people that desire economic and spiritual expansion, and despising as he does the "flaccid mentality of Reformism," Mussolini seemed to me too hard-headed and too calculating to shut out the League of Nations from his European schemes. If he assents to pacifism, it is with a cold eye and as a pragmatic pacifist. Though the "most suspect man in Europe," as he said in our conversation, he will do nothing to risk prematurely his authority and prestige.

Why? Because he feels that he has got far enough merely by looking ugly, and now he can afford to give interviews, to make "human" propaganda, and to look pleasant.

Mussolini has a satisfied air. He feels he has gained prestige for Italy. While in the past he has freely declared that it is necessary to act, to move, to fight, and, if need be, to die; while he has said that neutrals have never

dominated events; and while he has used the horrible phrase, "It is blood that moves the wheels of history," these outbursts were all the sign of his frantic conviction that Italy, like Spain, was a Cinderella before the war, that "the war has been deadly for Spain but life-giving for us." Now, in the present hour of treaty-seeking and treaty-making, you do not get a ripple from Mussolini on the weakness of Italy as an international Power. Cinderella has been asked to the party. Italy once more has a stake in Europe. Italy counts. The air of serenity that envelops Mussolini must, one supposes, be attributed to something besides the shaky lira, the artificial labour syndicates, the sycophant Press. It is the child of his formal success in external relations. He feels sure.

He shows this sureness when he asks the outsider what changes he notices in Italy. When he made this inquiry, it seemed to me I detected in him the cue for appreciation. He threw back his head with a half smile in the way one does to ward off not unwelcome adulation. But I felt it would be banal to search for things to praise in the Fascist regime. As a matter of fact, what had most impressed me, apart from the private groans about unbearable taxation and the high cost of living, was at once too illustrative and yet too trivial to mention: namely, the *risorgimento* of the beggars of Rome. One of the great items in the apology for Mussolini in 1923 was that he had made the trains punctual, that he had got rid of the beggars, and that he had swept the prostitutes off the street. Now, at the beginning of 1927, the old practitioners of begging were hard at it again. It is a deep groove, beggars must live, the reform was transient and superficial. What was the use of underlining so obvious a fact?

But in avoiding this topic there was far more the knowledge that no public man can profitably be irritated or harried by an interviewer. Mussolini in particular has the characteristic impatience of all high-strung and imperious men. To start off on the wrong foot with such a man would be to wreck the rhythm that it is the object of the visitor to establish. So I left aside the public achievements of Fascism about which I was sure he would be unreal and complacent, under cover of the happy accident that the attendant was bringing in a tray, on which there was a common white cup of what looked like very weak *café au lait*.

Before he touched it—and he never did touch it during the time I was with him—I asked him how he felt about emigration. He said instantly, "I am against emigration. The strong, the audacious, the adventurous go away. I was myself an emigrant. The timid, the feeble, the diseased stay at home." What, then, is to be done with the surplus population? He said in twenty years there would be a million Italians in Tripoli. He said great numbers would be transferred from congested Sicily into the empty regions of Southern Italy.

The calmness of these large statements made me want to find something on which he was not wholly sanguine, so I asked him if Professor Salvemini would have been killed if he had stayed on in Italy. He showed some heat. He said that Salvemini had not been in danger, but that if he came back he would be punished.

The ease with which he handled external questions rather tightened. When you touch on Salvemini, or on the Liberals, you get a throb. The man who said that if there be rebellious and seditious minorities, "they must be inexorably stamped out," is still in the mood of the heresy-hunter, and simply will not tolerate the idea of "Liberalism."

When you reach this nerve, he becomes the man with a mission. His view of the mission is very simple: Italy has been a ship without a rudder. He is the captain, and

objection to him is treason. "I am raising a building," he asserted earnestly, "and in the midst of it they come in and say to me, 'That ornament is too heavy.'"

He is so mentally quick-fingered that you have to know your own mind extremely well not to be carried away by him. I found the broad antique oak table between us a nuisance, and I found myself leaning over it, while at one time I swear he was half-way across it himself. He never raised his voice or hurried what he had to say, seldom failing to speak very clearly. His French is measured, and since, like Clemenceau, he has taught French in his time, he could judge by my face whether I was really understanding him. During his talk, flexible and persuasive as I discovered him, I could not help realizing the superficiality of those who think he is a fool, a clown, a mountebank, a bad joke. Mussolini, 1926, is vintage wine, purely as a matter of personality. That he is dangerous, unscrupulous, sophistical, and malignant seems to me evident. But to understand him one must give him due credit. It is not enough to be contemptuous or angry. The man is a problem that cannot be solved by violence.

He knows as well as anybody that the virtues he recommends for Italy are the virtues one recommends to children—discipline, obedience, honour thy father and thy Duce, be laborious, and when the time comes be fecund. He wants, however, to enforce these drill-sergeant regulations on everybody, on his superiors like Salvemini and Croce, no matter how little child-like they may be. While in mind he is open, in action he is closed. And he is a man of action.

I said to him, "I want to ask you a question which is purely psychological: Where would you have been in your own career if anyone had succeeded in imposing on you 'discipline,' 'obedience,' and 'loyalty'?"

His answer, I think, shows how much of a warmentality Mussolini has, although, of course, the first Fascist of our time was Sir Edward Carson, and the first Fascist movement the Ulster gun-running and the Curragh rebellion. "This epoch after the war is a new epoch," he responded, "and new epochs call for new behaviour."

The thing that struck me about this answer, which he pondered for a moment, and the thing I admired, was the simplicity with which he met a question on its merits. If he were a small egoist, he would have pretended not to understand, or huffed or blustered. He did none of these things. And he did none of them because for himself he has a definite integrity, the integrity of a fearless, hot, passionate nature trying almost insanely to realize itself on terms of a tremendous egoism.

Mussolini is a force. He is capable of a violence which would be impossible even to Winston Churchill, and incredible of the usual cloud-capped and beer-fed Englishman. Mussolini is capable of a rush of blood to the head, a tower of rage, a surge of demonic wilfulness, that may end in smoke, lava, destruction. When he was a child he hammered another child's head with a stone with savage persistence. A misunderstanding about a few centimes in a Swiss restaurant once made him hail his compatriots and wreck the restaurant. Corfu was an eruption of this sort. Corfu was symptomatic.

In general this exacting nature is consciously controlled. Mussolini sits with himself ironically and good-humouredly, completely aware of the wild horses inside him, entranced by the storm he is riding. He can say by way of joke, though indirectly, that he will leave his head to criminal anthropology. He sees himself with some comedy when he is not antagonized. But he is easily antagonized. Like many men who begin as rebellious outcasts, he hardens readily into monstrous egoism. Hence his vulgar self-advertisement. Hence the photographic apparatus that

faces his desk. Hence the rule that his portrait must be displayed on public buildings.

His sane basis for running Italy as a one-man show can be found in his pride and passion as an Italian, which is non-Nietzschean and fundamental. When I told him that I had seen the Italian colony at Agen in France, his face lighted up, he settled back in his chair saying, "This is interesting!" In regard to Italy he is no more a "tyrant" than any captain of industry who sees his industry as personal, who has never heard of public policy, who has never heard of the absurd democratic method of "councils" and "representation." Mussolini grasps Italy as a whole. The vision at times is specific and even workmanlike. He controls it. Then, under pressure of that tremendous ego of which he is the custodian, it is likely to break away from him, he is likely to mix up the quantitative with the qualitative, to smash the baby on the head so that it can be quiet enough for him to give it supper.

I do not see this as cruelty and brutality in the first degree. I see it as one of the tragedies of his perhaps ungovernable spirit.

In this struggle that he has undertaken to impose his will on a European State, Mussolini has no doubt given to his ego the rights, titles and privileges of creative integrity. To prove to himself that he has integrity, he vacillates between believing "all is permitted," and then, in an explosion against the morals-in-evolution which say, "it is not permitted," having his *accès de violence*.

This is why he is malignant. This is why Amendola and Matteotti arise from their graves to accuse him. This is why if he does not abandon his morbidly aggressive formulæ, he must push on toward the precipice.

In short, he needs conditions of political sanity which it is part of his egoism to deny himself.

A man of this inordinate type needs to be surrounded by people who have some respect for the truth. His own shrewdness, which is great, is not great enough. He is the sort of man who soars into theory much too easily, and who needs to be reminded by stable and prosaic advisers that statesmanship cannot become a psychological pantomime.

But where, amid the childish falsities and murderous proclivities of Fascism, are those advisers to be found? The Pope has his cardinals. The President has his Cabinet and his Washington correspondents. The more megalomaniac of American magnates are limited by the very nature of their czardom. But Mussolini, who has very little back to his head, who needs balance, is too impetuous and imperious a nature to tolerate the criticism that can alone be his safeguard and his rudder.

Every time in our "private talk" that I brought in the idea of critics and criticism, I saw that solemn look come into his face with which wives are so familiar. I admired the fact that he did not bridle at the small challenge to his pride, but his mechanism for rejecting criticism has been rationalized to an alarming extent, just as his monopoly of every important Cabinet office is a psychological symptom far more than it is an administrative necessity. The man needs critics, and he has not got them. He is beginning to live in the most unreal of all worlds—as unreal as the world in which a poisonous fungus like Rasputin could come to its luxurious, unhealthy perfection.

Napoleon's egoism reduced the stature of the French male by two inches. The Italians are already a very short people. I left Mussolini's presence wishing that he had around him some associates who could talk the truth to him, instead of either licking his boots, or waiting for a chance to step into them.

FRANCIS HACKETT.



## AT ST. STEPHEN'S "WOOL AND WATER"

(By OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

**T**HE malaise which has afflicted this Parliament since the commencement shows no signs of lifting. It seems likely to continue until the introduction of the Budget after Easter; when, one may assume, things may liven up. I have never known anything like it in any previous session; and it seems to confirm my prophecy that this House of Commons is destined henceforth to accomplish little good, if not much ill. Members attend in fair numbers for questions, and then pour out from the debating Chamber as if it was stricken with the plague.

On Monday, for example, on the vote on account, the Labour Opposition had chosen the non-ratification of the Washington Convention limiting hours of labour; which would normally be regarded as a first-class day of debate. Twenty minutes after Mr. Hayday had started the impeachment of the Government, and he was speaking quite well and to the point, I counted the number of his audience. There were seventeen members of his own party, supplemented by three on the Front Bench; thirty back-bench Conservatives (out of 415), with four members of the Government; and four Liberals of whom two were ex-Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Hayday courageously carried on his desperate work for forty-five minutes, in which he might have been addressing the shades on Acheron's further shore, for during the whole oration there was not a trace of a cheer, a smile, or a sneer, but merely the occasional sound of a member rising and tramping heavily out of the House; still further to deplete his audience. During most of the remainder of the afternoon, the number never rose above the minimum forty that a count would have required if demanded. Tory democracy weighed in, not, curiously enough, in the persons of young new members, eager to defend the Government, but represented by men who had grown so grey in the service, such as Major Jack Hills and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, who attacked the Government for dilatoriness and delay; and by the vivacious personality of Lady Astor, who alluded hopefully to "the social reformers of the back-benches" of the Tories, added, less hopefully, "there must be some on the front benches too"; plaintively inquired, "Are we going to go back on this, or are we going to vote for the Opposition?"; announced that "I see a smile"; and asserted "that when the Government see us going into the Opposition lobby, perhaps they will begin to think." Alas! however, at the end of the day's proceedings the Government did not have the shock of seeing Lady Astor go into the Opposition lobby, so one can only regret that the process of beginning to think has been deferred.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland made one of the most lamentable of the kind of speeches expected from those hyphenated knights, whose very harmless hyphens used to cause such extraordinary indignation in old days in Lord Randolph Churchill's impetuous mind. Having nothing whatever to say (a condition in which every Minister at present appears to be involved, on every subject from trades unions to Soviet propaganda) he endeavoured to fill up the time by attacking his Tory assailants. This produced a flare up from Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, who said that he was "grossly offensive"; repeated interruption indicative of displeasure; and such conversation as might have come from "Alice in Wonderland," as, for example:—

Sir A. S.-M.: "All I can say is that we have been trying definitely to get down to a solid basis."

Lady A.: "Who is trying to get to the solid basis, the Cabinet or the Minister?"

Sir A. S.-M.: "Both the Minister and the Cabinet. We are trying to get on to a definite basis."

Mr. Hardie (suddenly exploding): "The Minister has no basis."

And so on—*ad lib.* Small wonder that a faint cheer arose when Mr. Runciman bluntly asserted that though he would not plead guilty to any charge of inattention, he could not discover what the Right Honourable Gentleman was driving at.

The Government is, perhaps, happier when private members are taking up the wondrous tale, soon as the evening shades prevail, as on Tuesdays and Wednesdays when, like Brer Fox, they can "lay low," instead of, like the Tar Baby, "keep on sayin' nuffin."

Last Friday, despite repeated and courageous attempts to count the House out, some Tory back benchers succeeded in getting a second reading to a Bill designed, apparently, to encourage agricultural enthusiasm by breaking knock-outs and rings in the auction sales of pigs and similar agricultural produce. The Bill was riddled to pieces, but finally passed on the ground that it could be completely transformed in committee. It gave opportunity for that ever popular and delightful anarchist, Colonel "Josh" Wedgwood, to rise from among the scantily filled Socialist benches to declare again his disbelief in all remedy of ills by legislation. There is an enormous amount of evil in this world, he asserted, all of which we hope to put right on a Friday afternoon. He recounted how he had once induced the House to pass a Bill making it an offence to give alcoholic drink to an infant under three years of age; how the memory of this iniquity had haunted him ever since; how, like the Ancient Mariner, he had been compelled, ever since, on every Friday afternoon to "testify to the truth." He delighted everyone by his exposition of how legislation "such as this" affects "the honest man." He explained the valiant attempt of himself, an ex-Cabinet Minister, to smuggle "two beautiful watches" through the Customs for his sons, under the cheerful defence that "I do not see why any Government should rob me"; how the fiendish policy of the officials, in asking, instead of inspecting, had frustrated this gallant game. "They said, 'Will you read through this list of articles and say whether you have got any?'" "I do not object to smuggling," added the "honest man," dejectedly, "but I do object to lying. And they took ten pounds out of me." These agreeable confessions seemed to be remote from knock-down sales of pigs, but they were perhaps more exhilarating. The object of Labour loquacity was to prevent the coming on of a second Bill giving votes to non-resident corporations and companies that pay the bulk of the rates. As the effect on the resident non-ratepaying voters of Poplar, and all the Poplars, might be a modification of the cheery policy of voting relief to themselves out of other people's money, it was evident that such a challenge to the existing order had to be nipped in the bud.

In the midst of such "wool and water" inside the House, the wildest rumours are being discussed in the lobbies. The air is full of noises.

"Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not  
That if I then had waked out of long sleep  
Will make me sleep again."

These noises sometimes declare that the Government is making ready for a fresh appeal to the country, hoping to overwhelm Labour before it is too discredited itself, on an anti-Bolshevik, Jingo, Chinese cry, based on Labour's unfortunate declarations against defending British subjects in China. This idea seems incredible, but I have heard it from many different quarters. The Cabinet is divided. The revolt of the die-hards is increasing; it can only doubtfully face this Budget, and certainly not the Budget of the year after. Mr. Baldwin himself is said to be sick and tired at the perpetual defeat of his schemes for "Tory Democracy" and "peace in our time" in the Cabinet, and to be longing for those blue hills of Worcestershire to which he paid last week so noble a eulogy. The Stourbridge and Smethwick elections have had an altogether devastating effect on the rank and file, and few Tory Members of industrial constituencies have any confidence that they can retain their seats if the process of attrition continues for many months to come. On the other hand, Labour is in a condition of commotion, and while men like Captain Wedgwood Benn wriggle in, men like Mr. Haden Guest wriggle out, and Mr. Spencer is "fired." "The odds are one." I find a sudden interest in the revival of the Liberal Party, with the actual possibility of cash and candidates enough to fight five hundred seats; the result of which fighting in the conditions of the next election, neither of the other parties dares to prophesy.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

WHEREVER Liberals foregather there is warm commendation of Sir Herbert Samuel's Eighty Club speech. Much is hoped from his famous efficiency, and still more from his equally well-known independence and his Radical temper. This was a Radical speech, an expression of robust faith in the constructive and forward-looking policies on which all Liberals are hoping to be allowed to unite. The vital thing is that Sir Herbert Samuel is not committed as a partisan. There is a good prospect that his personality and business leadership will prove to be the much desired bridge, or reconciling link. It is noted as highly pleasant and significant that Mr. Runciman declared an emphatic truce to "the trivialities of personal quarrels." The character of Sir Herbert Samuel gives a better guarantee even than his words that there is no question of policy having been "bought." The Party has reason to be grateful to Mr. Lloyd George for his formulation of Liberal policy, and now we have this able and impartial Liberal to pull the machinery together and to see that the energies of Liberals are no longer paralyzed by dissension.

Lord Rosebery continues in the *TIMES* his rather maliciously innocent inquiries about the source of party funds. Unless his memory has become weakened by old age and long retirement from the political scene, Lord Rosebery must know all there is to be known on the subject of honours and party funds. There is nothing mysterious about it. Lord Rosebery might refresh his knowledge by turning to an obvious source of information: namely, Vol. 156 of *Hansard*, where he will find the report of a long and illuminating debate. The source is obvious, but it has been apparently neglected by commentators. The famous declaration of Bonar Law to the effect that contributions to party funds could not be held to bar the contributor to an honour has been recalled, but in that debate (July 7th, 1922) Mr. Austen Chamberlain made a much more striking statement, which I have turned up with great interest. It was the assertion that contribution to the funds of "our party" by a man otherwise worthy of an honour, would constitute "an additional recommendation." There was "interruption" here, and I am not surprised.

It is not surprising that Dr. Haden Guest has at last found the Labour Party too intolerably uncomfortable. This able man, who first rose to prominence as a leading Fabian, has long been recognized—like the late Hubert Bland—as a Tory Socialist. He would deny that he is a Protectionist, but would admit that he is not an unqualified Free Trader, and, I suppose, would defend a tariff on goods made by cheap foreign labour on the plea that we must concern ourselves with the conditions of labour abroad as well as at home. He is an Imperialist certainly, convinced as he is of the supreme economic importance of the Empire. I dare say Dr. Guest would decline any and all of these labels—even that of anti-Bolshevik, though on this point the views with which he returned from Russia are sufficiently well known. It is clear that a man with his tendencies and sympathies cannot usefully consort with a party which tends to slide rapidly to the Left.

It is cheering to hear that the vexatious and dangerous trouble about the treatment of the Indians in South Africa is in a fair way to settlement. The Government of India has had a gratifying and unexpected success. A correspondent reminds me that what has happened is in reality no more than a return to the position as laid down by Lord

Salisbury in 1876 when permission was first given for the admission of coolies into Natal. There was a good deal of hostility to it in the India Office at the time, and Lord Salisbury finally agreed only on the "indispensable condition that the labourers, on the expiration of their contracts, shall be treated as no whit inferior to any other of Her Majesty's subjects." This condition ought never to have been forgotten. What people are now wondering is whether the concession to the Indians will make it any easier for the natives also to be allowed within the circle of citizenship. Unfortunately for the natives, they have no powerful Government of India to press their claims.

Dickens was unfortunate with his illustrators until he found Sir Luke Fildes, who was doing the pictures for *Edwin Drood* when death left the mystery for ever unsolved. The early illustrators, such as Cruikshank and "Phiz," over-emphasized the element of caricature in Dickens. Fildes' *Edwin Drood* pictures are notably vigorous and picturesque; the best of them have mystery and imagination; the atmosphere is exactly right. The writers of the obituary notices of the artist, by the way, have provided another headache for the historian. One tells us that Dickens carefully kept the secret of the course of his last story from the illustrator; another tells us that Fildes was the only man in whom he confided, instructing him to give Jasper a double necktie, because he would need it to strangle *Edwin Drood*. The finest record of Fildes' friendship with Dickens is the drawing he did of Dickens's study in the chalet at Gadshill, which was once as common in middle-class homes as a portrait of Queen Victoria. I have known it all my life, and it has always had a queer sentimental charm for me—the solid furniture, the desk on which are arranged those knick-knacks which Dickens needed to have just so before he could write; the delicious glimpse of the Kent garden through the window; the plain eloquence of the "empty chair."

Everyone is talking of the remarkable peroration in praise of the German war effort with which Mr. Churchill ends his war book: "... nearly twenty million men perished or shed their blood before the sword was wrested from that terrible hand. Surely Germans, for history it is enough!" And so on. It is such a summary as Ludendorff might write for his country's "glory" if Ludendorff could write at all. This fine piece of writing, obviously the result of incessant labour, seems to me characteristic of Mr. Churchill's mind in two ways. It expresses his love of the grand which at times degenerates into the grandiose, or mere attitudinizing rhetoric. He loves to beat the resonant drum of words. Again it expresses the chivalrous temper of his mind, for it is a big mind—when the Bolshevik bee is not buzzing too loudly in it. Sometimes this chivalry is expressed in ways surprising to smaller men. I remember the sensation created at one of the crises of the war. It was in March, 1916, when there was great uneasiness about the Navy. Mr. Churchill having left the Admiralty and gone to the front, came back again and took his seat in the House. He rose and calmly suggested that the Government should recall Lord Fisher to his former post at the Admiralty—Lord Fisher, with whom Mr. Churchill had notoriously quarrelled. The House was reduced for a moment to astonished silence—soon broken by Lord Balfour, who, from the Front Bench, ponderously rebuked him for his presumption and inconsistency.

The new social settlement in Stepney, which the Prince of Wales opened a few days ago with a speech of felicitous sympathy, has some original features. Magistrates and social workers are agreed that one of the knottiest problems



is that of the working lad, living in semi-independence in homes (possibly dubious) or in undesirable or too costly lodgings. These boys are cast upon the world too early, and they live dangerously, and too often disastrously. The John Benn Hostel provides at once a sort of residential club for homeless boys, and a place for wholesome bodily and mental training for hundreds of other boys in the over-packed streets of Limehouse and Wapping. The Milner Hall in the same building provides a common drawing-room for the families of the neighbourhood. The enterprise, which owes its existence largely to the people at Toynbee Hall and especially to its warden, Mr. Mallon, a man of ideas and genuine knowledge of the poor, is in the hands of a highly expert committee. The spirit of the thing is well expressed by the decorative panels done in a lively modern idiom, which Mr. Clive Gardiner has painted on the walls, and of which the Prince remarked that they "brought beauty in."

Owing to the public-spirited action of Tennyson's son, the fine stretch of down from Freshwater Bay to the Memorial Cross at the summit, where the old man, his black cloak flapping around him, used to walk every day, is saved for the nation. The Poetry Society is now trying to raise the money necessary to buy the home of Tennyson's last years, Aldworth, the house that James Knowles built for him on the slope of Black Down, near Hindhead. I have an unforgettable memory of a summer afternoon spent at Aldworth with a party of poetic pilgrims. Both at Farringford and at Aldworth, Tennyson satisfied his passion for seclusion in the midst of beauty. One cannot imagine anything more attractive in its exquisite calm and radiance than the garden terraces of Aldworth on a shining day, with the "blue goodness" of the Weald soft in the haze of heat far below. The place went to smoothly flowing music, like that of "In Memoriam." Aldworth seemed the perfect setting for the hieratic ghost of Tennyson, as the scene and the rich afternoon evoked it pacing the lawns in grave converse with admiring Bishops or lesser worshippers at the shrine. Aldworth would admirably house a Tennyson museum.

I have been ploughing through that sprawling, clumsy, but undeniably impressive, novel "An American Tragedy"—the whole eight hundred pages of it. I have persevered in spite of repeated exasperations. Dreiser has a style which is about as melodious as a smash of crockery. It is simply barbarous in its ugliness and flatness, and its passion for such abortions of speech as the verb "to sense," "contacts" for acquaintances, "illic-dressed," the superfluous "as," and scores more of such lapses. The fact remains that this very long novel, written with complete neglect of the graces, even the necessities, of reasonable composition, is a big achievement. Dreiser's attitude to his tragedy reminds one of that of a Hardy without the philosophy—if the qualification does not rob the comparison of all meaning. His book is an invaluable picture of American life, so strange and foreign to our eyes. Slow, remorseless like fate itself, the writer piles up his mountain of detail, but, exasperated or not, one cannot give up one's fascinated attention to this nightmare of the commonplace. The mind behind it all is unquestionably powerful. To an English reader the account of the trial is most instructive, throwing as it does a bleak light upon the amazing habits of American judicial and extra-judicial methods. One ends by wondering whether a fair trial is possible.

A Stourbridge Echo. On the afternoon when the Stourbridge election result came out I was sitting in an empty 'bus in the Victoria Station yard. The conductor, having gathered the news, came in and reported the Labour win to the driver through the little window. The latter muttered something, and the conductor went on: "This will teach them to monkey about with the Trade Unions."

KAPPA.

## ON THE RELUCTANCE TO BUY BOOKS

THE habit of extreme thrift and caution in expenditure which characterized the British middle class before the war has largely broken down. In the possession of motor-cars, in foreign travel, in entertainments of all kinds, there is a riot of expenditure which would have shocked our grandparents. But in one respect we are as "close" and economical as ever. We do not buy books.

There are, of course, many homes in which books play no part. A large proportion of the population is content to read only a daily paper and an occasional magazine. That is an intelligible attitude. It is not my present purpose to criticize those educated-illiterates who have no use for books. But there is another great section of the middle class which does read and value books. My quarrel is with them. They are not paying their way. They are sponging on writers and publishers, and making it impossible to supply at a reasonable price and a fair profit the commodity they consume. They read books, but they do not buy them. In a large number of fairly prosperous homes, where expenditure upon dress, locomotion, and entertainment is permitted on a generous scale, the buying of a book is frowned upon as a piece of wanton extravagance. "Are there no circulating libraries?" it is asked. "Can you not borrow the book from a friend or consult it in a school, college, or public library?" There is a note of severe moral disapproval in the family criticism of expenditure on books, which makes the delinquent feel that he is grossly self-indulgent—the kind of man who would drink champagne at lunch by himself. It is not merely the waste of money which is deprecated; the fellow has made a fool, if not a beast, of himself.

It so happens that I had the good fortune to come at an early age under the influence of a man who liked buying books. He was a thrifty man in other ways. The idea of taking a hansom (or, later, a taxi) horrified him; even to take a 'bus, when one could walk, seemed to him a needless extravagance. "But no man ever went bankrupt through buying books," said he; and from him I acquired the habit of buying every book, except new novels, which I thought I might like to read. This habit has grown upon me, and I now buy many more books than I shall ever have time to read. When I see that a book has been published that I ought to read, I buy it. That partly salves my conscience. I feel that I have at any rate done something towards it, and I can always say that I have the book by me, though I have not yet mastered it. I must not, however, be taken to recommend buying books as a satisfactory substitute for reading them. The ideal course is both to buy and to read. But I do say that it is right to buy every book that you want, unless you are so hard up that you have to go short of other necessities in order to provide in this way for the necessities of your mind. And my main point is that my lavishness on books has never imperilled my financial stability. I can honestly say that even buying books on my system has not involved an expenditure of more than 2 or 3 per cent. of a moderate income.

That is my case. The tradition that it is extravagant to buy books is anti-social, immoral and absurd. It is the plain duty of every reader to pay his fair share of the cost of producing books, and he can only do this by buying freely. If this were done, the troubles of the publishers and the booksellers would be solved, and the supply of good books at a reasonable price would be assured. Most readers can well afford to do what I suggest; and books are jolly things to have about the house. Let us adopt the slogan, "Buy More Books."

PETER IBRETSON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### SHELTERED AND UNSHELTERED PRICE-LEVELS

SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. Keynes criticized my table of comparative movements in sheltered and unsheltered price-levels in the U.K. and U.S. mainly on two points: (1) The uncertainty as to the American cost-of-living index for December; and (2) the movement in the U.S. ratio of sheltered to unsheltered prices from 117 in June, 1924, to 115 in June, 1926. As regards the first of these points, I made it clear in my letter that the figure cited for December, 1926, was tentative, and it is unfortunate that the actual figure is not yet available. But I was concerned simply with the similarity in the movements of the ratios in the two countries "since the U.K. returned to the Gold Standard." It is true that the disparity between sheltered and unsheltered price-levels in this country has become greater within that period, but it is also important to inquire whether or not there have been other relevant factors affecting the position of the export trades of this country.

Mr. Keynes suggests that the position as regards our continental competitors would be more informative than the position in the U.S. I had certainly these countries in mind when I wrote, but, for the sake of brevity, made no explicit mention of them. As regards Germany, and taking quarterly averages during the past two years, wholesale prices have fallen while the gold cost-of-living has risen, and the ratio of the latter to the former has moved from 90 in the first quarter of 1925 to 106 in the third quarter of 1926, and 104 in the last

quarter. (In the first quarter of 1924 the corresponding ratio was 76.) In Italy and France, the fall in wholesale prices and the rapid rises in the gold costs-of-living have been confined to the last half of 1926. I, therefore, agree with Mr. Keynes that the financial measures adopted in these countries "have undoubtedly improved our competitive position relatively to theirs." It was precisely for that reason that it was suggested that a statement showing the worsening of the disparity between sheltered and unsheltered prices in this country did not contain a complete account of the real position as regards our export trades. The point has special reference to the contention that the position of our exporting industries has become worse since May, 1925.—Yours, &c.,

3, Cecil Street, Ibrox, Glasgow.  
February 28th, 1927.

D. T. JACK.

## BOOKS AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—At the end of your admirable article on the above you state that you will "invite the aid of others to go more fully into the subject in succeeding issues."

In the meantime, I should like your readers to know that although this Council has not embarked upon "co-operative advertising," its objects are *The Promotion of Book Reading and the wider Distribution of Books*. It is a "clearing-house" for information about books.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to me at 30, Little Russell Street, W.C.1.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE MARSTON,

Organizing Secretary, National Book Council.

February 28th, 1927.

## MR. CHURCHILL ON THE WAR\*

By J. M. KEYNES.

THIS brilliant book is not a history. It is a series of episodes, a succession of bird's eye views, designed to illuminate certain facets of the great contest and to confirm the author's thesis about the conduct, in its broadest strategic aspects, of modern warfare. There are great advantages in this procedure. Mr. Churchill tells us many details of extraordinary interest, which most of us did not know before, but he does not lose himself in detail. He deals in the big with the essential problems of the higher thought of the conduct of the War. The book is written, like most books of any value, with a purpose. It does not pretend to the empty impartiality of those dull writers before whose minds the greatest and most stirring events of history can pass without producing any distinct impression one way or the other. Mr. Churchill's was, perhaps, the most acute and concentrated intelligence, which saw the War at close quarters from beginning to end with knowledge of the inside facts and of the inner thoughts of the prime movers of events. He formed clear conclusions as to where lay truth and error—not only in the light of after-events. And he here tells them to us in rhetorical, but not too rhetorical, language. This naturally means telling us most where he was nearest, and criticizing chiefly where he deemed himself the wisest. But he contrives to do this without undue egotism. He pursues no vendettas, discloses no malice. Even the admirals and generals, who are the victims of his analysis, are not pursued too far. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson—he speaks them all fair and friendly in recognition of their several qualities, not striking down those who did service because they have joints in their armour. Mr. Churchill writes better than

any politician since Disraeli. The book, whether its bias is right or wrong, will increase his reputation.

Mr. Churchill's principal thesis amounts to the contention that, broadly speaking, in each country the professional soldiers, the "brasshats," were, on the great questions of military policy, generally wrong—wrong on the weight of the argument beforehand and wrong on the weight of the evidence afterwards—whilst the professional politicians, the "frocks" as Sir Henry Wilson called them (a bit of a "frock" himself), were generally right. This is a question upon which at the time it was impossible for an outside observer to form a judgment, since, whilst it appeared to be the case that both sides committed cardinal errors at each turning-point of the War, no one could divide the responsibility between the Cabinets and the General Staffs. In England popular opinion rallied on the whole to the generals—more picturesque, much more glorious figures than our old knock-about friends the "frocks," and enjoying the enormous advantage of never having to explain themselves in public. Mr. Churchill sets himself to redress this balance, to convince us in the light of the full disclosures now available from every side, that wisdom lay on the whole with Asquith, Lloyd George and himself, with Briand, Painlevé and Clemenceau, with Bethmann-Hollweg and even the Crown Prince, and that it was Haig and Robertson, Joffre and Nivelle, Falkenhayn and Ludendorff who jeopardized or lost the War.

Let me try to summarize Mr. Churchill's indictment of the General Staffs. Each side signally lacked a Cunctator Maximus. No Fabius arose to wait, to withdraw, to entice. The "brasshats" were always in a hurry, hurrying to disclose their possession of new weapons of offence—the German poison-gas, the German U-Boats, the British Tanks—before they had accumulated enough of them to produce a decisive effect; hurrying to the useless slaughter of their

\* "The World Crisis, 1916-1918." Two vols. (Thornton Butterworth. 42s.)



dreadful "pushes." The strategic surrender, the deliberate withdrawal, the attempt to lure the enemy into a pocket where he could be taken in flank, all such expedients of the higher imagination of warfare, were scarcely attempted. Mangin's counter-stroke under the direction of Foch in July, 1918, which both the French and British Staffs were inclined to deprecate and distrust, was one of the few such efforts. The ideas of the Staffs were from beginning to end elementary in the extreme—in attack, to find out the enemy in his strongest place and hurl yourself on him; in defence, to die heroically in the first ditch. There were only two important exceptions to this rule—the withdrawal of the Germans to the Hindenburg line in 1917, and the unchanging demeanour of Sir John Jellicoe. Mr. Churchill's fascinating analysis of the Battle of Jutland seems to the layman to show that Jellicoe missed his chances—chances which he ought to have taken. But Jellicoe, carrying a greater burden of risk and responsibility than any other single individual, the only man on either side, as Mr. Churchill admits, who could have lost the War in an afternoon, does stand out as the one triumphant Cunctator, who, though he may have missed chances, carried through from start to finish without a single disastrous mistake. I do not think, even in the light of some incisive criticisms which Mr. Churchill is able to make, that one would have wished to see any other personality, which the War threw up in any country, in charge of the North Sea.

Mr. Churchill's next point concerns the narrow geographical vision of the General Staffs, their inability on both sides to throw out wide-ranging glances of strategic and political imagination over the whole potential field of hostilities. The armies were drawn to one another like magnets. The soldiers were always busy discerning where the enemy was strongest and then demanding equal or greater forces to counter him, never testing where he was weakest and thrusting there. This is an old controversy, upon which we have long known where Mr. Churchill stood, and Mr. Lloyd George also. I do not know that this book adds much directly to their case, but Mr. Churchill's third point, which I come to later, does confirm, I think, the potential value of the restless visions of the politicians as hints towards victory, as against the dogged dullness of the Staffs. Mr. Churchill holds that the Germans, especially Falkenhayn, were at least as much at fault in this respect as we were. The Generals on both sides were equally confirmed "Westerners," and supported one another, by their dispositions, against their respective Governments at home.

Akin to this narrow geographical and political outlook was the narrow scientific vision of the professional soldiers, their extraordinary slowness to take up with new mechanical ideas, as illustrated by the history of the Tanks, which our Staff deprecated in their inception and never demanded from the Ministry of Munitions in adequate quantity, even after they had become enthusiastic of their results, and which Ludendorff never imitated on a serious scale, even after their existence had been prematurely discovered to him. The overdoing of the artillery and the maintenance of cavalry, which even in 1918 occupied nearly the same numbers of British personnel as the machine guns and nearly twice those of the tanks, are further examples of inelasticity of mind, as compared with the alternative policy, never adopted, except by Mr. Churchill himself in 1918 with a view to the unfought campaign of 1919, of an immense concentration of man-power on aeroplanes, machine guns, tanks and gas.

The third point, which probably constitutes the most novel and interesting part of Mr. Churchill's book, concerns the actual value, as judged by the results now fully known from the records of both sides, of the great offensives on

the Western Front. It is here that there was the sharpest and most continuing divergence of opinion between the professional politicians and the professional soldiers. Apart from a temporary conversion of Mr. Lloyd George to the Staff view in 1917, the former were ever of the opinion that the soldiers were underestimating the opportunities of defence and overestimating the potential gains of an offensive, and that no decision would ever be reached by assaulting the enemy in his fortified positions on the Western Front. The influence of the War Cabinet was almost invariably cast against the "pushes" of 1915, 1916, and 1917. Since the successive Cabinets expected little from these appalling offensives, there was nothing to mitigate the effect on their minds of the cruel and useless losses. By the end of 1917 a situation was actually reached in which Mr. Lloyd George was preventing available troops from being sent across the Channel which were certainly required in reserve there, because he could not trust his power to prevent Sir Douglas Haig from sending them to the massacre, once they were in France. "But for the horror which Paschandaale inspired in the minds of the Prime Minister and the War Cabinet," Mr. Churchill writes, "Haig would no doubt have been supplied with very much larger reinforcements." Beginning with Mr. Asquith's prolonged and tenacious opposition to conscription down to this episode in the winter of 1917, Mr. Churchill's evidence goes to show that it was the politicians who had the soft hearts, but also that it was they on the whole who, on military grounds, were right.

The General Staffs were ready to admit after each offensive that the results were disappointing, but they were apt to console themselves with the consideration of the great losses inflicted on the enemy and on some satisfactory progress towards the objective of attrition. Mr. Churchill claims that he distrusted these conclusions at the time, and that the figures of casualties now available from both sides show that the result of almost every offensive was to leave the attacking side relatively weaker in man-power than it was before. Sir Frederick Maurice, in a letter to the *Times*, has disputed this interpretation of the statistics. But even if Mr. Churchill has pushed his case too far, he seems on the whole to have established it. In particular it was Ludendorff's apparently successful offensive of 1918 which really prepared the way for, and indeed rendered inevitable, the final German collapse.

Nothing is more interesting in Mr. Churchill's book than his impressions of the prevailing types of the High Command on each side. "There was altogether lacking," he says, "that supreme combination of the King-Warrior-Statesman which is apparent in the persons of the great conquerors of history." Most of the great Commanders, with the possible exception of Joffre, were undoubtedly men of outstanding ability in their profession, but they were prevailingly of the heavy block-head type, men whose nerves were much stronger than their imaginations. Hindenburg was not the only wooden image. Joffre, Kitchener, Haig, Robertson, Ludendorff—they also might be commemorated in the same medium. They slept well, they eat well—nothing could upset them. As they could seldom explain themselves and preferred to depend on their "instincts," they could never be refuted. Mr. Churchill, quoting from a letter from Robertson to Haig in which the former proposes to stick to offensives in the West "more because my instinct prompts me to stick to it, than because of any good argument by which I can support it," comments—"These are terrible words when used to sustain the sacrifice of nearly four hundred thousand men." The type reached its furthest limit in Mr. Churchill's semi-comic portrait of Père Joffre. No doubt more highly strung men could not stand the wear and tear of High Command

in modern warfare. They were necessarily eliminated in favour of those who, in Mr. Churchill's words, could preserve their sangfroid amid disastrous surprises "to an extent almost indistinguishable from insensibility." Moreover, the Commander-in-Chief may be almost the last person even to hear the truth. "The whole habit of mind of a military staff is based upon subordination of opinion." This meant that the lighter mind of the politician, surrounded by candid friends and watchful opponents, was indispensable to the right conclusions. The final defeat of Germany was in fact due to the supreme strength of her Great General Staff. If Germany's politicians had had the same influence as ours or France's or America's, she could never have suffered a similar defeat. Her three cardinal errors, according to Mr. Churchill—the invasion of Belgium, the unrestricted use of U-boats, the offensive of March, 1918—were all the peculiar and exclusive responsibility of the General Staff. Ludendorff was the final embodiment both of the influence of the General Staff and of its highest qualities—of that General Staff whose members "were bound together by the closest ties of professional comradeship and common doctrine. They were to the rest of the Army what the Jesuits in their greatest period had been to the Church of Rome. Their representatives at the side of every Commander and at Headquarters spoke a language and preserved confidences of their own. The German Generals of Corps and Armies, Army-Group Commanders, nay, Hindenburg himself were treated by this confraternity, to an extent almost incredible, as figureheads, and frequently as nothing more." It was this extraordinary confraternity which raised the German military might to monstrous dimensions, provoked and organized inhuman exertions, and yet, by the inevitable workings of its own essence, brought down upon itself the great defeat.

Mr. Churchill does not dissemble his own delight in the intense experiences of conducting warfare on the grand scale which those can enjoy who make the decisions. Nor, on the other hand, does he conceal its awfulness for those who provide the raw material of those delights. The bias of emphasis is on the grand decisions and high arguments. But, not the less for this reason, is his book, in its final impression on the reader, a tractate against War—more effective than the work of a pacifist could be, a demonstration from one who loves the game, not only of the imbecility of its aims and of its methods, but, more than this, that the imbecility is not an accidental quality of the particular players, but is inherent in its spirit and its rules.

## BELIEF IN A LIFE FORCE

THE result of THE NATION Questionnaire on Religious Belief that must have surprised orthodox Christians and orthodox materialists equally was the fact that 38 per cent. of the participants believed "in an impersonal, purposive, and creative power of which living beings are the vehicle, corresponding to the Life Force, the *élan vital*, the Evolutionary Appetite, &c." We had suspected that Mr. Shaw must have some literal disciples, that M. Bergson (though frowned upon by the best authorities in this country) must have made some captures with his entrancing metaphors, and that Mr. Wells would not have proclaimed his "Invisible King" with such confidence if he had not been sure of some popular support. But we had never thought that seven hundred of THE NATION's readers would give allegiance to so strange a God. So it will be interesting to find out, if we can, something more about this large and respectable body of believers, par-

ticularly because, whatever we may think of the claim of the 1,849 who answered THE NATION Questionnaire to be representative of educated opinion in this country, these seven hundred probably represent very well intelligent believers in a Life Force. Are these Christians or not? Are they spiritually more akin to the materialists or to the believers in a personal God?

The published figures of THE NATION Questionnaire do not give us much information about the beliefs held concurrently with belief in a Life Force. We can deduce, as Mr. H. G. Wood has done, that some materialists were not prepared to assert that they disbelieved in both a personal God and a Life Force, but we cannot get much further. So to elucidate the relations of the various beliefs, the Editor of THE NATION kindly allowed me to examine the Questionnaire forms, mutilated to preserve their anonymity, in order to discover the associations between affirmative answers to the various questions. The results, together with some remarks on the Questionnaire and some general conclusions, are published in my book, "The State of Religious Belief: an Inquiry based on THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM Questionnaire."\* There will be found tables (which cannot be reproduced here) giving a complete analysis of random selections from the answers: here I will simply describe the most interesting things that came out of my researches—namely, the associations of belief in a Life Force.

Belief in a Life Force appeared to be quite strongly negatively associated with affirmative answers to all the questions except those inquiring into belief in materialism, in some form of Christianity and in the indifference of Nature. That is to say, the proportion of those who accepted the Apostles' Creed among the believers in a Life Force was considerably less than the proportion among the unbelievers. So we must conclude (if we regard belief in a Life Force as the more fundamental) that this belief tends towards rejection of the Apostles' Creed, or (if we consider ourselves first and foremost members of the Church of England) that belief in the Creed tends towards rejection of the Life Force. Similarly with nine other beliefs or practices. A believer in the Life Force will be less likely than an unbeliever to believe in a personal God, in personal immortality, in the divinity of Christ, in the formulated tenets of any Church, in the historicity of Genesis i., in the inspiration of the Bible, and in transubstantiation, and will be less likely to be an active Church member or to attend a religious service voluntarily and regularly. So he is less likely to be any sort of orthodox Christian. This was to be expected; but, considering the extraordinary anomalies of belief revealed in my inquiry, statistical confirmation is comforting.

But what about unorthodox Christianity? Are the disciples of a Life Force more or less likely to believe in "any form of Christianity," a belief held by 51 per cent. of the Questionnaire participants? I found that there was a slight, but quite definite, negative association between belief in a Life Force and belief in any form of Christianity. A good number of the disciples of the Life Force professed themselves Christians, but only 43 per cent. of their whole number; so there were not as many Christians proportionately among the vitalists as there were among the non-vitalists.

Moreover, there seemed to be no association, positive or negative, worth speaking of either between belief in a Life Force and belief "that the basis of reality is matter," or between belief in a Life Force and belief "that Nature is

\* The Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d.



indifferent to our ideals." So, if we were to compare two equal samples, the first taken at random from the vitalists answering the Questionnaire and the second at random from the non-vitalist answerers, we should find that the former sample would contain as many materialists and believers in Nature's indifference as the latter sample, but somewhat fewer Christians and a great many fewer of those professing any given one of the orthodox Christian beliefs.

From these very interesting results two conclusions, I think, emerge. The first is that only a minority of the vitalists are Christians who have deserted an orthodox personal God to base their faith upon an impersonal spirit of life; so, whether we call vitalists agnostics or not, most of them must be classed among the infidels. Since less than 30 per cent. of them go to Church, it will not be necessary to provide an alternative Communion Service for them. My second conclusion is that the rough and ready division of the contributors to the Questionnaire into personal theists, impersonal theists and materialists is quite untenable. For the last two of these classes overlap as much as they would do if the beliefs concerned were completely irrelevant. So there must be a large number of people who believe in a Life Force which somehow emerges out of the fundamental reality—matter—and which is not very much concerned with our ideals (though, of course, it may have ideals of its own which we do not appreciate). This is a thoroughly irreligious conception of the Life Force: if it is neither part of the ultimate reality nor concerned with the good, it has little claim to be called a God; and such disciples should, I think, be classed as agnostics expressing their opinion on a point of biology in their answers about the Life Force to Question 2.

All this is looking at the figures only one way round, and we may perfectly well invert them. The proportion of materialists among the vitalists is the same as among the non-vitalists; equally the proportion of vitalists among the materialists is the same as among the non-materialists. So if a belief in vitalism apparently does not tend particularly to make a person reject materialism, no more does a belief in materialism tend to make a person reject vitalism. If many of the vitalists are very impure vitalists, many of the materialists are equally impure materialists, and there is good ground for thinking (with Mr. Wood) that materialism is not what it was. But this change in materialism or naturalism does not seem to me to be of much religious significance. What is more significant is that many people must have announced their belief in a Life Force as a sort of gesture. These did not believe any definite theory (still less, theology) of the Life Force, they did not consider very deeply whether "impersonal" was compatible with "purposive and creative" (a few crossed out one of these adjectives from their forms), and they would not want to imply that their Life Force had the usual moral or metaphysical properties of a deity: but they wished to proffer allegiance to the Unknown God. Perhaps if the Questionnaire had contained some question on the importance of religious experience, some of these people would have contented themselves with answering this in the affirmative: as it was, Question 2 seemed to give the only opportunity of escaping from a purely negative attitude. It will be the business of the theists to get these people to know their Unknown God "by acquaintance" (to use Mr. Russell's phrase), and of the agnostics to convince them that there is no reason to suppose that there is a God to be unknown. The future of religion largely depends upon which way these disciples of a Life Force can be induced to jump.

R. B. BRAITHWAITE.

## THE DRAMA THRILLERS

Playhouse: "The Letter." By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

THE present enthusiasm is all for "Thrillers," and a very large proportion of the year's successes have been plays of this order. "Broadway," assisted by quite a new form of production and acting, has been the best effort of the season. "Twelve Miles Out" began with bustle, though it ended in a quagmire of talk. "Interference" has twenty really thrilling minutes. On a more low-brow scale, "The Ringer" may be said to have achieved its object. "The Joker," "The Donovan Affair," and doubtless other plays, which I have not seen, trade on the same enthusiasm, while "Ask Beccles" turned it gently into ridicule.

What may the spiritual significance of this be? Perhaps that people no longer consider the sensation of boredom to be good in itself and have in consequence no desire to listen to interminable discussions on problems in stage ethics. The coming of the thriller, then, is in one way a tribute to the intelligence of the public. Unfortunately, however, the demand for thrillers has outrun the supply. It is obviously extremely difficult to write a thriller, much harder than to write a problem play. You have got to have a great deal of material and spread it well over the bread. There should be a good shock at the beginning, and a good shock at the end. A pleasing state of indeterminate distress will pull one through the middle; and this is all extremely difficult to manage.

Mr. Somerset Maugham brings great qualities to his work. He can construct a character economically (very important in a thriller); he can bring a crisis naturally out of the most normal conversation; and he has more than enough wit to help him through the necessarily uneventful passages. His thriller should be a good one. Up to a point it is. The characters are various; the local colour titillating; much of the dialogue is good; there is a glorious absence of sentimental fudge. Unfortunately, Mr. Maugham, in dramatizing a good short story, has found himself short of material. The first act is extremely good. As the curtain goes up, six pistol shots ring out, and a man lies dead at the feet of Miss Gladys Cooper. Her slick explanation is obviously misleading, and lands one in a pleasing dilemma as the curtain falls on her being led off to gaol in Singapore. Act II. has points. It is the necessary barren period. There is some good detective reasoning by the lawyer, and Mr. George Carr gives a brilliant performance of a Chinese clerk, much influenced by "Herbert Spencer, G. B. Shaw, and Herbert G. Wells." The third act has no point at all. Mr. Maugham has not thought out Shock No. 2, and hence there is no need for more than five or ten minutes to round the thing off. But we have got to be kept in the theatre till 11 o'clock somehow, and merely beginning a quarter of an hour late is not enough. The result is that the third act drags lamentably. We leave the theatre infinitely less thrilled than we were half the way through. Ultimately, Mr. Maugham's technique has failed, a very unexpected state of affairs with him. No doubt he was handicapped by Miss Gladys Cooper's playing the part of a murderess with the dignified calm of a Victorian duenna at a croquet party. Still, she merely added to a bathos that was implicit in the situation.

Nevertheless, "The Letter," though a failure, is interesting from the point of view of the thriller. It shows that general ideas, culture, intelligence, and verbal felicity are as important for a good thriller as for any other play. It is only a pity that Mr. Maugham did not start fresh instead of handicapping himself with a short story, constructed with a perfectly different technique. Still, would-be writers of thrillers, armed with a good plot but short of general ideas, might derive great advantage from an intelligent study of "The Letter."

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

HOW should we all behave, if we knew that the world was coming to an end at a certain hour on a certain day? That is the question which Mr. Eden Phillpotts sets himself to answer in "The Blue Comet," now being played at the Court Theatre. The comet was approaching the earth at a terrific speed; a Royal Commission of Scientists had reported unanimously that it would destroy the earth at 8 a.m. on April 23rd; Aunt Jane pretended that she did not believe in it; the foolish old Colonel put on full-dress uniform and stood to attention, to die like a soldier and a gentleman; Morris, the young painter, became absorbed in his art; Christopher, the rough diamond from Canada, with a heart and a pocket full of gold, displayed great heroism and buoyed up the rest of the company, except poor James, the comic manservant, who succumbed to abject panic. The third act, in which these reactions took place, might have been interesting, but unfortunately it was preceded by two acts of light comedy in which the characters had not been real. It was impossible to take their emotions seriously, and the audience was only mildly disappointed when the comet missed the earth after all. Mr. Paul Cavanagh made a handsome, attractive "Christopher"; Miss Dorothy Hall was very natural as "Aunt Jane," and Mr. George Elton gave an attractive study of an amiable old gentleman. We are indebted to Sir Barry Jackson for "discovering" Mr. Phillpotts as a playwright, but why does he not give us "St. George and the Dragons"? That is far superior to the three plays he has already produced.

The performance of a Greek tragedy at Cambridge has not taken place since the production of the "Oresteia" in 1921. This year, however, the Greek Play Committee have produced Sophocles' "Electra," and part of the "Peace" of Aristophanes. Whatever the faults of this performance of the "Electra," it is both interesting and impressive: parts of it are very good, parts very bad, but nowhere is it mediocre. On the one hand there is Mr. A. R. D. Watkins's magnificent acting as Electra (he frequently reminded one, not unpleasantly, of Sybil Thorndike), there is Mr. Dennis Arundell's remarkable music, and Mr. Sheppard's well-thought-out but never mechanical production. On the other, there is the sorry sight of Mr. Martineau's Clytemnestra, there is an atrophied chorus, and an incoherent stage setting on which different coloured lights are played without any apparent reason, throughout the performance. In the "Peace" there was a general lack of spontaneity, but Mr. Cruso (Trygæus) and Mr. Chapman (Hermes) acted with great spirit. Mrs. Penrose's dresses were very effective, and put to shame the chocolate-box efforts of Mr. Alec Penrose in the "Electra." In the "Peace," as in the "Electra," Mr. Arundell proved himself a composer of the greatest promise.

"The Wicked Earl," at His Majesty's Theatre, with which Mr. Cyril Maude announces his intention of saying farewell to comedy, has points, but the production suffers from falling between two stools. The theme is the same as that made illustrious by Hawtrey in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," when the hero appears half as a woolly West desperado and half as an English gentleman. The theme can only be treated farcically, and in "The Wicked Earl" the production wobbles between farce and melodrama. When Mr. Maude was farcical he was very amusing indeed, but unfortunately, he apparently wished us on occasions to take him seriously as a film hero. If he will cut down the dialogue a bit and act the part more broadly, he may have the success we should all like. The sets by Mr. George Harris were unusually effective.

Nobody can deny to Playroom Six, the latest experiment at 6, New Compton Street, the excellent quality of "tippiness." After starting with Goldoni, which is quite reasonably tippy, they have gone on with "Léona and Lena," an extraordinary farrago, by George Buchner, a sort of German Alfred de Musset, which is just about the "tip-

piest" thing on earth. It is impossible to imagine anything more fashionably démodé, more futuristically out of date. A small sheet, useful in covering our ignorance about Buchner, informs us that he was much influenced by Shakespeare. I should just about think he was. Many characters carry even to greater excess the original's tiresome love of a pun, while the main theme tells the loves of Hamlet and Juliet, assisted by Polonius and (further indiscretion) Sancho Panza. The romanticism was so full-blooded that I could hardly understand it in its German thoroughness; but right at the end there was some very amusing satire, also very much in the de Musset manner. "Léona and Lena" seemed to me four-fifths absolute nonsense, but was so full of "period" quality that I am eternally grateful to Playroom Six for allowing me to see it, and also for employing Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop to produce it. He took the play a little too slowly, I thought, but also filled it with colour and invention. The décor was as amusing as anything I have seen in London for a very long time. Best wishes to Playroom Six!

The name of Professor Carl Milles of the Royal Art Academy of Stockholm, an exhibition of whose sculpture is at present being held in the Tate Gallery, is probably very little known in this country. In Sweden, on the other hand, his talent has been publicly recognized and encouraged: he is the designer of many monuments, fountains, and architectural sculptures all over the country, and one of the most interesting features of this exhibition is the large number of photographs of these in the settings for which they were executed. Professor Milles has also designed a Swedenborg memorial, of which there is a sketch here, which is to be put up in London. As a sculptor he has come under many influences. His bronze church doors, made in 1910-1911, are very Gothic in feeling: other pieces show Greek or Assyrian influences, among the latter being his "Europa and the Bull," made in 1924, of which there is an actual size plaster cast shown, and which, though impressive, fails from absence of co-ordination in the different parts. It is the presence of this quality, on the other hand, which is the merit of one of the best pieces here, "Dance." His latest work, again, "Music," a design for a fountain, is clearly suggested by the rococo style. He is a sculptor of very great talent, extreme accomplishment, and an originality which is forceful, even violent, rather than sensitive, and essentially Scandinavian.

The performance of Gluck's "Orpheus" given by the B.B.C. on Friday, February 25th, was rather disappointing. The exacting part of Orpheus was not very interestingly sung by Miss Phyllis Archibald. In the first act her vocal control and management were poor, though they seemed to improve towards the end of the evening, and the lovely "Che farò senza Euridice" was quite well given. The scene between Orpheus and the angry spirits lacked dramatic climax—there was nothing particularly fierce or alarming in the larvæ and spectres at the beginning, so that their gradual appeasement lost half its effect. The most pleasing part of the performance was the orchestral music at the beginning of the third act and the song of the Happy Spirit—given, as it seemed, by Miss Alice Moxon, who took the part of Eurydice. Mr. Dale Smith's rendering of songs by Schumann during the past week at 7.15 was very agreeable. Mr. Dale Smith's phrasing is easy and intelligent, and his enunciation delightfully clear. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Arnold Perry for his very competent rendering of the beautiful accompaniments.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, March 5.—

Mr. Thomas Heywood's "The Fair Maid of the West," at the A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge (Marlowe Dramatic Society), 8.30.

Mr. Frank Dobson's Exhibition of Sculpture and Drawings, at the Leicester Galleries.

Murray Lambert and Eleanor Marshal, Violin and Song Recital, at the Museum Lecture Theatre, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Bach Choir Concert, Central Hall, Westminster, 2.30.



Sunday, March 6.—

Mr. J. A. Hobson on "New Phases of Imperialism," at South Place, 11.  
Mr. C. Delisle Burns on "Experimental Religion," at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.

Monday, March 7.—

Mr. F. Sladen Smith's "The Invisible Duke," and "Sweeny Todd, the Barber" (Victorian Melodrama), at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge (March 7th-12th).  
"Othello," at the Old Vic, 7.30.  
Myra Hess, Bach Concert, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.  
"Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New Road (By pupils of the Camberwell Central School, L.C.C.).  
Mr. S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," by the Leeds Civic Playhouse, in the Albert Hall, Leeds, 7.30.  
Broxa String Quartet, Grottrian Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, March 8.—

Mr. Philip and Miss Aimée Stuart's "No Gentleman," at St. Martin's.  
Lady Hosie on "The Making of a Map of China," Royal Asiatic Society, 4.30.  
Contemporary Music Centre Concert, at the Court House, Marylebone Lane, 8.15.  
Mr. Arthur Mayhew on "The Test of a Western System of Education for Women in India," London School of Economics, 5.  
Broxa String Quartet, Grottrian Hall, 8.15.

Wednesday, March 9.—

Mr. Miles Malleson's "The Fanatics," at the Ambassadors.

Thursday, March 10.—

"Carmen" (Bizet), at the Old Vic, 7.30.  
Literary Discussion, "Mark Rutherford," at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.  
The Philharmonic Choir, at Queen's Hall, 8.  
Julius Ungerson, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Friday, March 11.—

Acis and Galatea on the Wireless, from Manchester and Daventry.

OMICRON.

## RELATIVITY

ACROSS the lawn the little tiger walks,  
Seeking an ambush in the cabbage stalks—  
The tabby tiger, the domestic cat.  
With twitching tail, stiff whiskers, ears laid flat,  
The prowling garden monster brings dismay  
To mouse and bird; but neither he nor they  
Visage that other tiger, bringing dread  
To jungles vaster than a cabbage bed.

Tigers and cats and men—ah, who can tell  
Where, in uncharted seas of space, may dwell  
Man's prototype? Or who can say what Mind  
Likens that unknown man to us, who find  
Resemblance in the beasts—or when began  
Earth's back-yard version of that other man?

FREDA C. BOND.

**TIVOLI**

Strand  
Gerr. 5222.

TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAYS at 6 & 8.30.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production

**"BEN-HUR"**

with

**RAMON NOVARRO**

Produced by Fred Niblo

## THEATRES.

**ALDWYCH.**

Gerrard 3929.

NIGHTLY, at 8.15

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.

**ROOKERY NOOK.**

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

**AMBASSADORS.** EVGS., 8.40 (exc. Mon.). MATS., TUES., FRI., SAT., 2.30

LAST WEEKS OF GALSORTHY'S GREAT PLAY, **ESCAPE.**

NICHOLAS HANNEN.

LEON M. LION.

**COURT THEATRE.** Sloane Square.

Phone: Sloane 5137.

EVENINGS, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**THE BLUE COMET,**

A New Comedy by EDEN PHILLPOTTS

(Author of "The Farmer's Wife" and "Yellow Sands").

**CRITERION.** (Ger. 3844.) EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.

**MARIE TEMPEST** in

**THE MARQUISE,**

A NEW COMEDY BY NOEL COWARD.

**DRURY LANE.**

Gerr. 2588.

Evgs., at 8.15

Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

LAST PERFORMANCES, MARCH 26, **ROSE MARIE.**

A Musical Play.

A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

**KINGSWAY THEATRE.**

(Ger. 4032.)

EVENINGS, 8.15.

(FRIDAY, at 5 p.m.)

MATS., WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

(UNTIL MAR. 19.)

THE MACDONA PLAYERS in BERNARD SHAW'S

**MAN AND SUPERMAN.**

**LYRIC THEATRE,**

Hammersmith.

Riverside 3012

EVENINGS, at 8.30.

MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

**THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.**

Nigel Playfair, George Hayes, and EDITH EVANS.

**ROYALTY THEATRE.**

(Gerrard 2690.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

FORUM THEATRE GUILD presents

**COCKS AND HENS,** by C. K. Munro.

MATINEES, THURSDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

## CINEMAS.

**CAPITOL,** Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11.

Commencing MONDAY NEXT (March 7):

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and ANTONIO MORENO

in

"VENUS OF VENICE."

**TIVOLI.**

Ger. 5222.

Daily, 2.30, 8.30.

Sunday, 6 & 8.30.

RAMON NOVARRO in **BEN HUR.**

Seats reserved in advance.

Book early.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE LONDON ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION,

163, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

RECENT PAINTINGS by VANESSA BELL.

On View Mon., Wed. & Fri., 2-5.

Tues., Thurs. & Sat., 10-1.

FRANK DOBSON EXHIBITION.

SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square.

10-6.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

### OLD EUROPE

**S**IR ARTHUR HARDINGE was born at No. 10, Chester Square, son of General Sir A. E. Hardinge, and grandson of Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, in 1859. Hugo, Baron von Reischach, was born "in the beautiful city of Frankfort-on-the-Main" in 1854. The Earl of Beaconsfield was born at 22, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1, in 1804. Sir Arthur Hardinge, who entered the Foreign Office in the last year of the Premiership of the Earl of Beaconsfield and retired forty years later as Ambassador in Madrid, has written his reminiscences under the title "A Diplomatist in Europe" (Cape, 16s.). Baron von Reischach, a South-German aristocrat, became an officer of Gardes-du-Corps in Potsdam in 1875 and subsequently served under the German Emperors, William I., Frederick, and William II., as Master of the Horse or Controller of the Imperial Household. His reminiscences have just been translated into English by Prince Blücher, and published as "Under Three Emperors" (Constable, 10s. 6d.). Mr. D. L. Murray, an accomplished essayist and journalist ("of mixed Jewish and British descent," as his publishers inform us), has just added one more to the many biographical studies of Beaconsfield, published recently, in a volume of moderate bulk entitled "Disraeli" (Benn, 16s.).

These three books give one a curious panorama of old Europe, the Europe which began to break up about 1900, and was finally exploded and "blown with restless violence round about the pendant world" in the years 1914 to 1918. Nothing remains of the Europe of Disraeli but the Suez Canal shares and a faded Primrose Day. Nothing remains of the Europe of Baron von Reischach but the already fading photograph of a forlorn Kaiser who has grown a beard in a Dutch village called Doorn. Nothing remains of the Europe of Sir Arthur Hardinge but the faded memories of departed Kings, like Leopold II. of Belgium, or of defunct diplomatists, like Sir Robert Morier or the Marquis de Soveral. These old tales are pleasant to read in the new world on a winter evening before one's gas fire, a world where half Europe is ruled by dictators or socialists, where Poland is a State again, and Czechoslovakia and Esthonia jostle a German and an Austrian Republic in a League of Nations, and where the Court balls of Alexander III. in the Winter Palace which Sir Arthur Hardinge used to attend in Petersburg have made way for the Red Flag and Bolshevism. What, one wonders, does the Baron von Reischach really think when he looks back over the seventy-three years of his life to the day when, in the presence of the old Emperor William I., at a cotillon, an officer of the Cuirassier Guards allowed Lady Amphill, wife of the British Ambassador, "to fall down so violently that the room echoed with the sound of the fall," and the old Emperor, "visibly excited," came up to von Reischach (he was officially the leading dancer) and said: "Who is this officer? What is his name? He must never be invited again until he can dance properly. It is perfectly disgraceful to allow an Ambassadress to fall down"? He has written a book of considerable charm—the charm is probably due to his own character—but he must feel, if he looks back with open eyes, that those were prehistoric, antediluvian days when it was perfectly disgraceful to allow an Ambassadress to fall down, and even much later when the black plush breeches, the grey gaiters, and the "extremely antiquated top hats" of the Kaiser's coachmen gave him a sleepless night.

The Europe of Sir Arthur Hardinge seems even older than that of the German Baron. This is partly because he is not as good a reminiscencer, and partly because he was a diplomatist. When Baron von Reischach tells us how he "announced" the arrival of the coffin of the Empress Frederick to the Emperor in the following words: "Her Majesty the Empress-Queen Frederick," we feel that we are in a world with its own peculiar fantastical reality. But pre-war diplomatists were the lesser fleas who sat upon the little fleas (like the Master of the Horse), who in turn sat upon the big fleas (like the German Emperor). The gossip of the Courts about William II. of Germany and Edward VII. of England is antediluvian, but metropolitan; the gossip of Sir Arthur Hardinge about Legations and Embassies in Bucharest, Lisbon, and Madrid is antediluvian and suburban.

When we come to the Europe of Disraeli, it is already old enough to have acquired the freshness of history. Mr. Murray's biographical study is the best that has been written in the last two years. It appears appositely at the same moment as "Contarini Fleming" and "Alroy," in the Bradenham Edition of Disraeli's novels (Peter Davies, 10s. 6d.), for when "Contarini Fleming" was published in 1832, the publisher was justified in changing its sub-title from "A Psychological Romance" to "A Psychological Autobiography." Mr. Murray thinks that "Contarini Fleming" is "certainly the richest, and, perhaps, the greatest of Disraeli's books." The "perhaps" is a wise qualification. But the book is indispensable for the biographer because it is so deeply autobiographical. Disraeli himself suggests in it the reason why he just failed to be a great novelist, if not the reason why his being so nearly a great novelist made him fail to be a great statesman. Mr. Murray's book is a very sound mixture of history and psychological biography. It is well written, and you come upon such descriptions as this of Peel in the House:—

"As he moved from the bar to his seat, with the lithe tread of some great cat, his eye gleaming warily in his haughty, beaked face, the House, realizing his knowledge, his versatility, and his power of sarcastic retort, acknowledged each year with deeper submission its master."

Mr. Murray lays the greatest emphasis on the influence of his Jewish birth in moulding Disraeli's career and political principles or beliefs. He has authority on his side, and he works out the thesis with skilful moderation. And the story of Disraeli's life, if skilfully interpreted, never loses its fascination. Yet I cannot help thinking that the East and Judaism were not the greatest influences in Disraeli. What makes his political psychology so interesting is his habit of treating politics as if it were the subject of a novel or a play. The effect upon the history of Britain and Europe was, in many ways, disastrous, but the habit accounts for the fact that though Disraeli's Europe was as antediluvian as Sir Arthur Hardinge's, Disraeli himself was not of it or in it. He remains extraordinarily alive; he seems to belong to no particular period. His biographers might say that that is only because he was the Wandering Jew who had temporarily become Prime Minister in Victorian England.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## NEW AND OLD NOVELISTS

**The Time of Man.** By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

**Beatrice.** By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. (Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

**The Case of Bevan Yorke.** By W. B. MAXWELL. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)

ONLY genius in mirroring the common, ordinary life of earth can show it emanating mysterious beauty. In Rembrandt's landscape etchings, the flat fields and empty roads are depicted in their homely beauty. In "The Time of Man," Miss Elizabeth Roberts has done something similar, but on a large, rich scale. The narrative sets down the life of a woman, Ellen Chesser, the child of wandering labouring-folk who travel from farm to farm in Kentucky—from the time when as a ragged girl she hoes and weeds the crops to the days when as a mother of four children she saves her husband Jasper from being whipped to death by the Hooded lynchers. Nothing could be closer to life than the story, for it teems with all the sights and sounds of farm and cabin, of field and pasture, of valley and hill; all the intimate aspects of a woman's simple home life fill the pages, yet everything is fashioned to beauty. The first pages have this shining quality, when Ellen's father is hired by the farmer, Mr. Bodine, and the bedding is brought in from the wagon, and the little girl is told to lie beside her mother on the floor, the father lying beyond; and the strangeness of the dark house, with its smell of rats and dust, troubles her. Each of Ellen's experiences is tinged with a child's naïve sense of life's immediacy and immensity, whether she is setting plants in the muddy field rows, or "screaming and jeering wild-animal talk" with the colts, or running away at night along the quiet moonlit road to find her camping friends, Jessie and Jock. There is always a sense in each little idyll, with which these pages teem, of Nature's incredible fecundity at work, of the ceaseless growth and decay of life, of its flow and flux and urge both in and behind the forces around us. All is expressed in the stream of impressions, now keen, now dreamlike, flowing through Ellen's consciousness; and so when "she's a big grown girl, and no fellows a-comen," and so when she falls in love and Jonas at last woos her, and then deserts her for another girl, and she loathes him and plans to kill him with a knife; and so when Jasper loves her, and takes her with him one night, and they possess each other in the dolomite rocks and get married in the following days—all is actuality, and all is beauty.

The explanation of Miss Roberts's genius is not that she brings a new light into common folk's life, but she discovers the beauty that is there. Her spiritual vision has an irradiating power that harmonizes all the details; the people's rough talk, the men's slow-moving ways, their appetites and cravings, the bigness or littleness of their natures, the women's motherliness and jealousy, their loves and hates, all are in place along with the clods in the fields, the animals at pasture, the sunshine, rain or snowstorms, the deep valleys, their woodlands and stone-crowned hills, all are the living parts of the great mysterious whole. Everything finds its place in Miss Roberts's vision, and everything has this beauty of being in place, of being and becoming, of changing like youth, or remaining like the rocks. This mysterious feeling of beauty that pervades everything flows out from every page, sometimes strange, sometimes rich, sometimes quiet and shadowy, but never absent. "The Time of Man" is the last book we expected to come from America, where spiritual beauty and sensuous beauty together have made but a feeble show in chronicles of the life of the people. The book suffers from its formlessness and from its length, but it is the most beautiful piece of literature that has come from the younger generation of American writers.

After a few pages of "Beatrice," the reader has the sense that the story is a classic. Everything told us must have happened and did happen so, from the first moment when the widow of thirty-eight, Frau Heinold, finds that her son Hugo, a youth of seventeen, on waking, has gone out without coming to kiss her. This confirms her belief that Hugo is infatuated with the cattish Baroness Fortunata, who is notorious for her intrigues with young men. The scene of "cards on the table" that follows between Beatrice and the Baroness has the effect of a stone cast into a pool, and the

events that follow are as inevitable as the circles that spread and ring the water. Beatrice, who would fight for her son's purity, in her turn abandons herself to his friend, the youthful Fritz. Later, humiliated and shamed by overhearing the young men's talk about her and by Hugo's knowledge of her act, she drowns herself with him, also desperate, in the lake. Struggle though we may against the enervating atmosphere of "Beatrice," and protest as we may that Schnitzler's is a partial, masculine reading of a mother's tragic dilemma, so beautifully is the tale told that we cannot challenge a word.

There is an educated banality and mediocrity of tone in "The Case of Bevan Yorke" that will commend it to the favour of many circulating library readers. The characters seem types all "standardized" by public opinion, and stuffed with the pattern ideas and outlook of their class. The story starts with a scandal, and then treats of "a scandal within a scandal," and ends with a sensational murder and its unreal consequences.

EDWARD GARNETT.

## MARLOWE RECONSTRUCTED

**Christopher Marlowe.** By U. M. ELLIS-FERMOR. (Methuen. 6s.)

WHEN one reflects how many commentators have been happily engaged in putting into the heads of dead poets philosophy which was never there in their lives, it is rather surprising that Christopher Marlowe has been comparatively free from interpreters. A more promising subject for reconstruction can hardly be imagined. The Elizabethan frame is commonly held to be spacious enough to hold any portrait; the record of Marlowe's life is singularly free from sober details which would check the painter's exuberance, and what is known of it has an invitingly turbulent tone; moreover, his text is beautifully corrupt. Yet he has not been buried in speculation. Perhaps the reason is that his success and failure are at once crude and glorious enough to be easily understood. "Tamburlaine," for instance, with its cast of potentates, its rhetoric battering alternately at the gates of heaven and hell, its kings put in cages and yoked to Tamburlaine's chariot, is the stuff which every high-spirited boy dreams. As a piece of stagecraft it is absurd; as a dramatic theme it rises at breakneck speed and topples into emptiness; but it is full of splendid life, and the reader is buffeted along a flood of poetry which preserves a strange stability even while swinging between the sublime and the ridiculous. This is the very epitome of youthful genius. The reader rushes on to the end and feels, almost without thought, that he understands this man (boy, he almost says) who could shout so magnificently. But if he settles down to study this play in cold blood, is there a further discovery to be made?

Such questions as this are raised by Miss Ellis-Fermor's book, which is a serious and scholarly attempt to construct a mind and a spirit from the Marlowe canon. Many bad books of this kind have been written by authors with insufficient knowledge of men, or of literature, or of both. This is a good book, and must be taken seriously, because Miss Ellis-Fermor has a real insight, not only into the nature of poetic ideas, but also into the mental and spiritual conflicts which give them birth. I am not convinced that she proves her case, but she puts it soberly and well, many of her incidental criticisms are extremely illuminating, and there will be few readers of this book who will not return to the plays themselves to test her contentions.

The man who grows under Miss Ellis-Fermor's pen was (except at the beginning and the end of his life) a philosophical rather than a sensuous poet. He was driven on by a mind of peculiar strength, clarity, and courage to the consideration of the major problem of philosophy, man's relation to God and the universe. The problem of man's power, of his efforts to comprehend and control himself, his fellow-men, and his destiny, continually obsessed him. He was the first Englishman to knit poetry with drama, but men as men of diverse character were nothing to him; he thought, dreamed, and wrote of man set lonely and precarious between heaven and hell. He wrote some of the loveliest descriptive passages in English poetry, but he neither saw the beauty of the visible world, nor heard its music, in any

detail. Each of his plays is an attack, from a different angle, on the single question which tormented his maturity: How shall man aspire? There is nothing in this which is contradicted by the meagre record of Marlowe's life. It is indeed obvious that the whole body of his work is in the nature of a recoil from his seven years' repression under the dead hand of mediæval theology at Cambridge. In pursuance of this theme, Miss Ellis-Fermor classifies the plays under three headings: "Tamburlaine"; "Faustus"; and the plays of "policy," "The Jew of Malta," "The Massacre at Paris," and "Edward II." "Tamburlaine" is the first glorious shot at a venture; but "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown" is not the answer to Marlowe's question. His religious conflict deepens. Is it possible for man to compass his desire and surpass the dry futilities of earthly knowledge by the magical invocation of diabolic power? "Faustus" is the agonized exposure of a terrible dilemma. The divine law is unescapable. Helen herself can be won back from the shades, but a pact must be signed and the price paid: the wages of sin is death. In the next three plays, Marlowe's stage narrows. He is attracted by "The Prince," and examines in dramatic terms the Machiavellian mechanics of power. This exhausting effort almost makes a dramatist of him, but it smothers his poetry, without resolving the conflict within him. This is followed by an interval of peaceful recuperation, in which questions are abandoned and the dormant seed of poetry flowers marvellously again in "Hero and Leander." The Deptford tavern soon after closes the scene.

Miss Ellis-Fermor's study of "Faustus" as a symbol of religious conflict is the most penetrating part of her work. "Tamburlaine" fits awkwardly into her picture and involves her in a disparagement of its second part, which is not well substantiated. Nor is her denial of high poetic merit to "Edward II." very convincing. But she does powerful honour, this side idolatry, to Marlowe, and her book should be read if only for the pleasure of disagreeing with it.

BARRINGTON GATES.

## MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL

**Medical Aspects of Birth Control.** Edited by SIR JAMES MARCHANT. (Martin Hopkinson. 6s.)

SIR JAMES MARCHANT is one of the ablest and most active, though one of the least spectacular, opponents of the Birth Control movement in this country. In "Medical Aspects of Birth Control" he has published nine essays by medical men and women. Four of the contributors are well known as antagonists of the Birth Control movement. He has, whether by accident or design, omitted to include a single contribution from any well-known medical advocate of Birth Control. This omission betrays a lack of desire for scientific objectivity—it points to the fact that the editor was inspired by a desire to produce a book *against* Birth Control.

Nevertheless, the book is valuable. The opinions of Dame Mary Scharlieb, Miss Letitia Fairfield, Sir Arthur Newsholme, and Sir John Robertson, who are all notorious as antagonists of Birth Control, are obviously influenced by their partisan feeling, and accordingly lose value in proportion to their lack of complete scientific objectivity. The other five contributors, who appear to set out with an intention of impartiality, deserve more serious consideration.

Sir Thomas Horder's introduction contains little to which the more moderate protagonists of Birth Control would object, and he states very definitely:—

"There appears to be general agreement that such continence during marriage as is demanded by restriction of the number of offspring is not only an achievement very hard to obtain, but is often prejudicial both to the health of the parents, and to connubial happiness."

Dr. Crichton Miller begins by pointing out that

"right and wrong are social formulations, made in the name of a god or of gods, and fallible because of the element of human interpretation (or misinterpretation) inherent in them. New views and new lines of conduct always tend to be wrong in that they conflict with established standards."

He points out that

"the sex function has two sides to it—the hedonic and the procreative";

and continues:—

"No doubt there is, and always will be, a certain small minority of couples to whom abstinence is a feasible and simple solution. It may be presumed that this is due to physiological factors, or, in other words, to each of the mates being undersexed... it is of some importance that such people should avoid generalizing from their own experience and inculcating their solution of the problem in others."

And, speaking of the normal married couple, he says:—

"The psychologist discovers the extent to which they are expending perfectly good energy in the process of arousing desires which must be inhibited... when they have attained to full power... By the law of conservation of energy there must necessarily be a reduction in the individual's available energy for the main purpose of life... It is incorrect to imagine that self-imposed sex-abstinence can be carried on under marital conditions without involving real strain on both parties... Modern contraceptives that are both reliable and innocuous enable a young married couple to contemplate parenthood as such, and isolated from other considerations."

And concludes:—

"Contraception has altered our outlook on marital relations; it has greatly enlarged the possibilities for the unjust steward of his sex function; it has rendered possible an enrichment of married life; it has both simplified and complicated the problem of parenthood; it makes imperative a higher level of personal idealism than has hitherto obtained."

Dr. A. E. Giles, who, as a gynecologist, is able to offer a particularly important opinion, discusses various methods—but curiously leaves unmentioned the one which is agreed by most of those who have made a special study of contraceptive technique to be the most efficient and harmless.

Consideration of the remaining essays is impossible within the space available for this review, but in conclusion we shall quote Dr. R. C. Buist's words:—

"The fact that for half a century mechanical means of preventing pregnancy have been more widely known among those inclined to sexual licence than among the rest of the community may further lessen anxiety regarding the likelihood of widespread immorality."

NORMAN HAIRE.

## WESTMINSTER BANK LEAFLETS

\*

FOREIGN TRAVEL

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

THIRTY-TWO ADVANTAGES  
(THE CURRENT ACCOUNT)

THE CHOICE OF A BANK FOR  
NAVAL OFFICERS

THE FINANCIAL MACHINERY  
OF THE  
IMPORT & EXPORT TRADE

SHIPPING CORRESPONDENTS

THE BANK IN RELATION TO  
WILLS, TRUSTS, & SETTLEMENTS

\*

*The Secretary of the Bank will be pleased to send copies of any of the above  
to readers of the 'Nation' upon application to him at the  
Head Office, Westminster Bank Limited*

41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2



## A HISTORY OF ART

**A Short History of Art.** Translated from the French of ANDRÉ S. BLUM, edited and enlarged by R. R. TATLOCK. (Batsford. 21s.).

THIS book makes one fear that there must exist somewhere some calamitous things like examinations in the History of Art with marks for correct answers. Now there is no harm whatever in knowing the names and dates of artists, if it should come as a result of familiarity with and appreciation of their works. But to know dates and facts, without any clue to what reality they are concerned with, is surely one of the most gratuitously futile and painful accomplishments which the human mind is capable of. One wonders then what induces anyone to write such a work, and when written one wonders why it should be translated. Mr. Tatlock, whose editorship of the BURLINGTON MAGAZINE has proved his competence in matters of art, has undertaken this thankless task, and in his preface explains what he conceives it to have accomplished. He admits the *a priori* improbability that a History of Art of any value can be written in one volume, but goes on to plead the value of such a general survey of art history as a corrective to the distorted perspective of the special student. "The object of a writer like Dr. Blum is to examine with a large eye the works of the specialists, to select those about which there is general agreement, to discard everything incomplete or controversial and, finally, to arrange the whole in a logical order, placing the emphasis on the right points and distributing the inevitable gaps in the most regular fashion." What, one wonders, does this logical order imply; surely something other than merely a chronological sequence. One looks to find the facts so arranged and so emphasized that their causal relationships become clear. And indeed such a brief art history, in which only the crucial moments and nodal points of tradition were brought out, is conceivable and would have a real value. But when we examine Dr. Blum's book we find nothing of the sort. The mere facts that no mention is made of Sassanian art, that no idea is given of the early church architecture of Syria, shows how little any attempt has been made to elucidate the crucially important transition from the art of the ancient world to that of modern Europe. It is no use to plead brevity in this case for, when we come to the central periods of any tradition, we are overwhelmed with masses of unrelated and, as they stand, indigestible facts. I quote almost at random: "The Samos school, in which the statue of Hera was produced, was skilled in metal work. The Chio (?Chian) school of Eastern Greece also showed some science in the technique of working marble. The most celebrated artist was Archermos, who created a new type, that of the winged goddess, either Victory or Gorgon. An example of this model was found in the island of Delos. About this period art began to develop in Sparta with the Laconian masters, such as Bathycles. Two bas-reliefs of the "Death of Clytemnestra" are in the Museum at Sparta." "The Etruscan style was demonstrated, too, in the industrial arts. They have left curious vases of *bucchero nero* on (sic) black clay, others with a black glaze decorated with designs in relief. A very interesting collection of these can be seen in the Chinsi (sic) Museum." One pities the poor student who tries to find his way to Chinsi. "With Giovanni Pisano (1250-1320) sculpture retained its character of life and movement." Here the word retained suggests that the author has no idea of the relation of Giovanni's art to the preceding style of Niccolò Pisano, and yet this is essential for the understanding of the development of Italian painting as well as sculpture.

Wherever one tests it, the information appears to be of this slack, unscholarly, and pedantic kind. It is really a great pity if a short history of art was required that it was not founded on Señor Pijoan's really remarkable work. As that is in Spanish it is not easily accessible. But it is perhaps the most successful venture in this field and is inspired with a real appreciation of æsthetic values. It is true that it runs to three volumes. But that perhaps is the shortest space in which any intelligent or intelligible history of so vast a subject can be accomplished. A passage in the preface causes one a certain uneasiness. The translator says: "In editing the book for an Anglo-Saxon public, both in this country and in America, a larger space has naturally been devoted to the course of art in both these countries, and views current

across the Channel have been modified in accordance with those held in England, in regard to such subjects, for instance, as to the relative values of English and French achievements in Gothic architecture, or the importance of the influence of the great English school of landscapists on the development of French painting in the nineteenth century." No doubt the modifications of the original thus introduced may be more correct. In that case the fact that they are more correct is sufficient justification. If they are not more correct it is no excuse for them that they correspond with generally accepted views. Probably the unpleasant effect of this passage is the result of an unfortunate manner of expression, but it is most undesirable even to seem to countenance so pernicious an idea as that of doctoring the truth to meet the prejudices of the public.

## MARSHALL'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO STATECRAFT

**Official Papers.** By ALFRED MARSHALL. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THIS admirably produced volume is published on behalf of the Royal Economic Society, which is seeking to make available, at low prices, material of value to the student and not otherwise readily accessible. The many important contributions to official inquiries which Marshall, in the course of his long and honoured career, was called upon to make, have here been brought together. They fulfil a double purpose—that of an introduction to some of the major controversies of an earlier generation, and that of a development, with particular reference to these controversies, of some of Marshall's own theories. The foundations of the economic school established by him at Cambridge were so well laid that it is a little difficult to realize, reading these papers so many years after they were written, how much of the doctrine elaborated in them, and now accepted as commonplace, was originally Marshall's own. His evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission, for example, was, until comparatively recently, a document essential to the understanding of monetary theory, for contemporary text-books were innocent of Marshall's refinements. He himself, long years after, gave them to the world, but not until the patient sowings of half a lifetime had already yielded their harvest.

This evidence before the Herschell Commission, which occupies nearly half of the present volume, is the most important of the half-dozen items included in it. The great bimetallic controversies of the 'eighties and 'nineties are, in one sense, of no more than historic interest now. But we have not yet solved the problem of the monetary standard; now, as then, that problem is more intimately connected with the riddle of social welfare, and would better repay the effort to comprehend it, than politicians suppose. What has happened is, indeed, that our point of view has shifted. We have defined with a little greater accuracy the nature of the problem. We are concerned rather more with the relations of money and credit than with the nature of money itself. And that is all. Our difficulty is still to establish a monetary system which affords some guarantee of stability, but which, at the same time, is not less flexible than the requirements of trade and industry demand. The evidence given by Marshall in 1887-8, and the memoranda submitted in support of it, bear directly on this question.

Of the other papers reprinted, those most relevant to current controversies are the answers to the Questionnaire which the Royal Commission on Local Taxation circulated in 1897 and the famous memorandum on the Fiscal Policy of International Trade. The answers on taxation, which range over a wide field, should be compared with those given by Edgeworth, available in the second volume of the latter's Collected Papers. The subject was peculiarly Edgeworth's own, and his analysis is perhaps the more subtle and penetrating. The difficult questions to which the 1897 Commission addressed itself have tended since to become more formidable still.

As for the Memorandum on Fiscal Policy, written in 1903 and published as a White Paper in 1908, this was perhaps the best threepennyworth of economic argument ever put on sale. It would be a patriotic act on the part of the Board of Trade to republish it now, and to circulate it freely

among the members and supporters of its comic Safeguarding Committees.

The editing of the volume, for which Mr. Keynes is responsible, leaves little room for criticism. Those whose interest in the collection is primarily an interest in Marshall will have nothing to complain of. Others, however, there may be who would like to know a little more of the circumstances in which these papers were written. Why were the various Commissions and Committees appointed? Who were their members? What were their terms of reference? In what sense, and with what results, did they report? Short notes embodying this information, and prefacing each of the several papers, would have added something to the value of the collection. Finally—a small point, but of some importance to students—it has not in every case been made clear from what source the extracts are derived. In three instances the printer's reference has been reproduced from the original in mistake for its official designation. The serious student may welcome, therefore, the following corrections. The answers to the questions of the Commission on Trade Depressions are in C 4797 of 1886 (Sessional papers of that year, Vol. XXIII.). The evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission is in C 5512-I. of 1888 (Sessional papers, Vol. XLV.). The evidence before the Commission on the Aged Poor is in C 7684-II. of 1895 (Sessional papers, Vol. XV.).

### THE INQUISITION

**The Inquisition: From its Establishment to the Great Schism.**  
By A. L. MAYCOCK, M.A. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

THE reader may, perhaps, take up a study of the Inquisition by a Catholic writer, prefaced by an introduction by Father Ronald Knox and by references to Mr. G. B. Shaw's composite creation "The Chester-Belloc," with suspicion. He need not. The book is an excellent one, often unexpectedly so.

"By the fifteenth century the Papacy had become perhaps the greatest financial institution in Europe."

"The employment of torture by the Inquisition is a crime which merits the perpetual obloquy of posterity."

"Its procedure displayed at once the patient thoroughness of the mill-wheel and the elastic adaptability of the hungry octopus."

"After the horrible ceremony of burning (a sick woman who was actually carried to the place of execution on her bed) the Bishop and the Friars returned to the Convent rendering thanks to God and to Saint Dominic for the good work that had been performed. The madness of fanaticism was at its height."

Such quotations might have been taken from Gibbon. The works of approved authors, published with the official *imprimatur*—M. Brassac's edition of Vigouroux's "Manuel Biblique" is a recent instance—have been placed on the Index for less than this.

The introductory chapter on "The Spirit of the Middle Ages" is admirable both in conception and in execution. The key to the period in question is Unity. The insistence on this in "L'Orme du Mail," placed by Anatole France in the mouth of the Abbé Lantaigne, will be remembered. When civil and religious society were one, the heretic was regarded not so much in the light of a misbeliever as in that of an assailant of the community; a rebel up in arms against the established social and economic order. To the mind of the time heresy was an aggravated form of treason, much as Anarchism is to that of to-day. And one can conceive circumstances of national crisis under which the suppression of anarchists would be drastic; in 1871, when the Versailles troops entered Paris, 35,000 real or supposed Communists were shot in six days. The *justice militaire* which Mr. Maycock admires has a bad reputation. In disturbed times it means massacre; in settled it gives rise to such condemnations as that of Dreyfus, or to such acquittals as that of Rouvier. Civilization has outgrown it. But, though men must be judged by the standards of their own time, there are, and have always been, limits to the plea of "reason of State." In the sixteenth century, *e.g.*, it covered the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots; it did not cover the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew: the conscience of the age was indif-

ferent to the occasional infliction of the capital penalty on a heresiarch; it revolted against the Smithfield fires. "It is not, perhaps, an exaggeration to say that a great many people know only one word of Spanish, and that word is 'auto-de-fé.'" That this is so is a testimony to the conscience of mankind. In matters of conduct circumstances are everything; the formal logic of the schools is a blind guide.

The good sense of the writer not unfrequently breaks through the sophistry of his apologetic. "It was absurd of De Maistre (he tells us) to declare that all that is terrible and cruel about this tribunal, especially the death-penalty, was due to the State"; and "there is much truth in the statement that the Inquisition was an office which, if staffed by saints, would have been hard put to it to avoid abuses and corruptions." It was not staffed by saints. Here is an example.

"Let us briefly note the case of that unconscionable ruffian Robert the Bougre. A converted heretic and a member of the Dominican Order, he had been entrusted by Gregory IX. in 1233 with the task of combating heresy in the North of France."

He did so; "remarking genially that his mission was not to convert, but to burn." He fulfilled it. In a certain village in Champagne he found a large heretical community presided over by a Manichean bishop. "In less than a week he passed judgment on more than one hundred and eighty of them; and on May 29th, 1239, the entire number were burned alive." Mr. Maycock describes the Inquisition's conduct as "bestial"; and it is satisfactory to think that in this case, at least, the murderous Inquisitor was deprived of office and imprisoned for life.

A. F.

### ELIZABETHAN REPRINTS

**The Fortune Playbooks: The Knight of the Burning Pestle; Every Man in his Humour.** (Robert Holden. 5s. each.)

THE Fortune Playbooks are an agreeable series of reprints of famous Elizabethan plays. So far, "Friar Bacon" and "The Shoemaker's Holiday" have appeared as well as the two volumes mentioned above. They are agreeably printed on good paper and clothed in a slightly "batik" binding. But the chief feature of the series is doubtless that they have been "prepared for reading" by Mr. G. B. Harrison, whose scholarly writings on Elizabethan literature have been gratefully received by the public.

The Elizabethan drama is the most formidable as well as the most famous branch of English literature, and presumably is still avoided as much as possible by the "general reader," despite a hundred years of literary criticism. Mr. Harrison endeavours to make Elizabethan drama a little less formidable by the provision of competent stage directions, glossaries, and other explanatory devices. So far as he goes, he has done his work very well, and the only complaint to be made is that he might go a little bit further. For anyone unaccustomed to the structure of the Elizabethan stage, the sequence of stage events will still appear rather arbitrary and illogical. The division of an Elizabethan play into modern acts and scenes is certainly unsatisfactory. But something of the sort is necessary to assist the reader. A rough stage-setting for each play, with a statement making clear which scenes were played in front of which part of the Elizabethan set, would assist the reader to become his own producer, and it is really essential for the student to be able to conceive visually the works of such writers as Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, who were so much less interested in psychology than Shakespeare. For while Shakespeare can be read as a novel, his contemporaries cannot, and this is one of the chief reasons why Shakespeare is so immeasurably more read than his contemporaries. "Every Man in his Humour," especially, is an intensely difficult play to read, and every assistance must be given to anyone who is to understand how and why it became one of the great landmarks in English literature. All this, however, is no criticism of Mr. Harrison. It is only a humble suggestion that next time he should go even further along the right lines.

FRANCIS RIRRELL.



## P. S. KING & SON, LTD.

### The Law of the Press

By THOMAS DAWSON, Barrister-at-Law. 10s. 6d.

This work is intended primarily as a handbook of law for writers, publishers, printers and others concerned in the production and dissemination of printed matter, whether in the form of books, newspapers, periodicals or otherwise. It is hoped that the book may also be of some use to members of the legal profession as a digest of the law of the subject with which it deals.

*In the Press.*

### The Herring and the Herring Fisheries

By JAMES TRAVIS JENKINS, D.Sc., Ph.D. With coloured frontispiece and twelve plates. 12s.

This book will be found indispensable as a work of reference by all branches of the fish trade, and of very considerable interest to naturalists and the public generally.

*In the Press.*

### Parliament and War: The relation of the British Parliament to the administration of Foreign Policy in connection with the initiation of war

By FRANCIS ROSEBRO FLOURNOY, Ph.D. 15s.

Contents: Introduction, The First Afghan War, the "Opium War," The Crimean War, The China War of 1856-1860, The War with Persia of 1856-1857, The Abyssinian War, The Afghan War of 1878-1880, The Occupation of Egypt, The Boer War of 1900-1902, The Great War, summary and Conclusion.

*In the Press.*

### Credit, Currency and Exchange (Provisional Title)

By the Rev. WALTER GOODLIFFE, M.A., sometime a Mawson Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 8s. 6d.

The object of this book is to diagnose the monetary ills from which the world is suffering and to suggest a remedy that will be at once sound, practicable and universal. The language has been kept simple and free from technical terms, that readers without previous knowledge of the subject may be able to follow the line of reasoning.

14 GREAT SMITH STREET, WESTMINSTER

## Seeley, Service & Co. Ltd.

Founded 1795

### SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN

An adventurous journey among little-known tribes.  
C. W. DOMVILLE FIFE. Illustrations & Map. 21s. net.

'A book of exceptional interest.'—BIRMINGHAM POST.

### IN ASHANTI & BEYOND

Dangerous treks, big game, curious peoples.

A. W. CARDINALL, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I. Illus. & Map. 21s. net.

'A notable addition to the literature of tropical administration.'—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

### THRO' KAMCHATKA BY DOG SLED & SKIS

Adventurous journeys in Arctic Siberia.

STEN BERGMAN, D.Sc. Illustrations & Map. 21s. net.

'A delightful narrative, full of adventure & narrow escapes.'—GLASGOW NEWS.

### THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF KENYA

A people driven by raids to inaccessible mountains.

J. A. MASSAM. Illustrations & Map. 21s. net.

### THINGS SEEN SERIES. New Volumes.

Each Volume copiously illustrated. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. Leather, 5s. net.

### THINGS SEEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

CLIVE HOLLAND.

### THINGS SEEN IN CANADA

J. E. RAY.

Complete List of the 24 Volumes in the Series Post Free on Application.

### THE NEW LIBRARY. Illus. 5s. net each.

### THE MOTOR-CAR & ITS STORY

CHARLES R. GIBSON, F.R.S.E.

### WIRELESS WITHOUT WORRY

How to obtain the best results, RONALD F. TITTMAN, F.R.S.A.

Introduction by Prof. A. M. LOW, D.Sc.

### MOTOR CYCLING WITHOUT TEARS

Running, management & upkeep. GEORGE BARLOW.

## THE ROUND TABLE

A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Commonwealth.

### Leading Contents for March:

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE  
AMERICAN INDUSTRY AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

CHINA AND THE BRITISH PROPOSALS

THE UNITED STATES AND NICARAGUA

INDIA: THE RIDDLE OF POLITICS  
IRELAND: EVENTS IN THE FREE STATE

Also articles from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

THE REPORT OF THE INTER-IMPERIAL RELATIONS COMMITTEE OF THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

Price 5s. per copy, or 20s. per annum. United States and Canada \$5 p.a. India Rs. 15 p.a., unless it is preferred to pay in sterling. Post Free

To be obtained through all Booksellers, Railway Bookstalls, and at

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.C.2

## THE EUROPA YEAR BOOK 1927

An Annual Survey of Economic and Social Conditions and A EUROPEAN WHO'S WHO

Politics, Finance, Trade, Science, Art and Literature.

Edited by MICHAEL FARBMAN, RAMSAY MUIR & HUGH F. SPENDER

"Last year's Europa Year Book was one of the best reference books that have been issued for many a day. We can say the same of Europa 1927—and more!"—SPECTATOR.

Large Demy 8vo. 672 + XX pages with 6 coloured maps.

CLOTH 15/- NET.

Of all Booksellers.

EUROPA PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,

6, Luke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

## THE PANTON MAGAZINE

The Magazine of the coming Writer and Artist

A Quarterly Review of Literature and the Arts

JANUARY—MARCH Number, 1927

FICTION. Concerts, Exhibitions, Plays, Book Reviews. POETRY.

The APRIL—JUNE Number, 1927 will be a

### Special Art Number

The Syllabus of the Competitions of the Half-yearly Festival of Arts and Letters (organised by the Panton Arts Club) and results of these Competitions will be published in the PANTON MAGAZINE.

1/6 from all booksellers.

Annual Subscription 5/-, if ordered direct from The

PANTON MAGAZINE, 16 Panton Street, S.W.1

## POTTED JOHNSON

**Samuel Johnson : Writer.** A Selection edited, with an Introduction, by S. C. ROBERTS. (Jenkins. 5s.)

MR. T. S. ELIOT, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and other acute analysts of contemporary tendencies in thought, have justly observed that what purports to be the diffusion of knowledge is too often only the vulgarization of opinion. The most conspicuous example of this is perhaps the recent remarkable controversy between Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells, where each of the two fundamentally conflicting opinions under discussion was plainly held by its exponent to be unquestionable and exclusive truth; but every man of letters who has achieved a certain prominence seems to be regarded by the public as an inexhaustible storehouse of absolute knowledge, to be drawn on by means of innumerable Outlines, Correspondence Courses without tears, and the like. Similarly, it is now becoming the rule rather than the exception for great writers to be approached by such shortcuts as are offered by the publishers of the Fireside Library (though this Series is less open to objection than some, since it does attempt to call attention to neglected aspects of its subjects). We have had in the last few years innumerable, often ably edited, little selections from the masters of almost every period of English Literature, which we suspect lead (quite unintentionally) less often to an increased study of the integral works of X or Y, than to a widely spread and fallacious belief that all that is essential in X or Y can be comprehended in a few purple passages, and the witty introduction by Mr. A.B.C. It is the old story of books about books (and bits from books) rather than the books themselves; and the element of personal preference which is inevitable in even the most impartial selection and edition, involves an emphasis which may often be misleading and must contribute, in effect, to the vulgarization of opinion, and not to the diffusion of knowledge. The only relevant excuse for this vulgarization would be based on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread; but in this case a whole loaf is better than a half, and it seems probable that the majority of those who accept this meagre nourishment are not the starving but those who would have consumed with benefit a whole loaf, had not the half been offered them.

With this general reservation, however, it is possible to praise Mr. Roberts's little book, which is perhaps as good a selection from Johnson's writings as could be made. The obvious criticism that Johnson himself would have disapproved heartily of an eclectic abstract of his works is ingeniously countered in anticipation by Mr. Roberts, who asserts in his Preface that Johnson himself would have been the first to ridicule the suggestion that anyone should attempt to read him *in toto*, and that the best thing to do is to "tear the heart out" of Johnson for the benefit of modern readers. This he proceeds to do in nine well-arranged sections ("The Poet," "The Essayist," "The Lexicographer," &c.), which between them give a fair idea of Johnson's versatile genius. More amusing specimens might, indeed, have been chosen from the Dictionary; and it is difficult to suppose that the passages from "Rasselas" will not be as tantalizing to those who have not read the whole book as they are useless to those who have. But these, as we have already suggested, are the inevitable flaws of every such anthology; and within its limits this one has a distinct value for twentieth-century readers. It has been remarked that Johnson "was the first figure of his age, that his age was, in fact, Johnson's age"; and certainly that age was one that has distinct intellectual affinities to our own. We cannot do better, therefore, than study Johnson through his own works as well as through Boswell; for, as Mr. Roberts rightly insists, it was upon his writings, and not upon his talk, that the structure of his fame was primarily built. Those writings have been unjustly neglected in the past, and an unduly exclusive emphasis laid upon Boswell; and, if for no other reason, we can welcome Mr. Roberts's book as indicative of a general return to the more balanced view.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE following are some travel books: "Cape to Cairo," by Stella Court Treatt (Harrap, 21s.), which contains some exceptionally good photographs; "Seamarks and Landmarks," by Surg.-Capt. O. W. Andrews (Benn, 18s.); "Under Sail in the Frozen North," by Commander F. A. Worsley (Stanley Paul, 18s.); "A Pilgrim in Picardy," by B. S. Townroe (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.).

"The Conquest of Brazil," by Roy Nash (Cape, 18s.), contains a detailed survey of the country, the people and their history. "Home Life in History," by John Gloag and C. Thompson Walker (Benn, 12s. 6d.), gives an account of social life and manners in Britain from 200 A.D. to the present time by means of a hypothetical family of Britons. The book is illustrated by A. B. Read.

"The Making of the Modern Mind," by John H. Randall (Allen & Unwin, 15s.), is a survey of the intellectual background of the present age. "Thought and the Brain," by Henri Piéron (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.), is a new volume in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method, and deals with the chief known facts regarding the relation of mind and body. "This Believing World," by Lewis Browne (Benn, 7s. 6d.), contains an account of the different religions, and is illustrated.

"Family Endowment," by Alexander Gray (Benn, 4s. 6d.), explains the idea behind the proposal, and examines the different methods suggested for carrying it out.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

**Trigger Fingers.** By OWEN P. WHITE. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

This peculiar book is worth reading. The history of American expansion westwards, and incidentally the story of the "bad-man," during the last half of the nineteenth century, has yet to be cast in a classic mould. In the meantime, Mr. White, in his crude sketches of some dozen bandits, suggests how significant the subject may prove to the historian and the psychologist. The real gun men, as we see them here, Clay Allison, Billie the Kid, Wild Bill of Abilene, and the bloodiest of them all, John Wesley Hardin, would put film villains to shame. The screen outlaw indulges in a little cattle rustling, he may wound a Ranger, he abducts the heroine and locks himself in a mountain shack with her; but John Wesley Hardin murdered two men and a boy when he was fifteen, and had about twenty-seven notches on his revolver butt when he was shot in a saloon. Mr. White talks of bravery. Bravery certainly, but no less treachery. It is not the fact that men were killed in cold blood that disgusts or merely alarms us; it is rather our sense of the injustice of one man's being allowed by the combined forces of life to kill twenty of his fellows. The style is exquisite. Six-shooters become artillery; an opportunity is described as gaudy; and whole towns are "shot up."

**Michael Intervenes.** By GUY CLIFFORD. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

Although this forms one of a new three-and-sixpenny series, the publishers wish it to be known that it is an entirely new, full-length novel. Lord Keston and the Hon. Michael Command, assisted by a group of exquisites, undertake to protect Prince Paul of Hertzo-Slovingia from the undesirable attentions of Joseph Nikovski, an international crook. Nikovski employs poisonous insects, bombs, and chlorine; he dispatches his victims by shooting, crushing, or suddenly opening trap-doors beneath their feet. He is pursued in Rolls-Royces which "nose" their way in and out of villages; he is run to death at last in a motor-boat just out of Poole. All this bears little relationship to life and none to literature, but it is exciting in its way. There are several games of mimic war, played with skill and enthusiasm.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Immortal Isles.** By SETON GORDON. Illustrated by FINLAY MACKINNON. (Williams & Norgate. 15s.)

Mr. Gordon is one of those enthusiasts who will wait for hours in a cramped position in order to snap a black-throated diver on her nest. Often the author and his wife ran considerable risks crossing from one island to another



**THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM,  
38, GT. JAMES STREET, W.C.1**

in a leaky boat to secure a really fine picture of a bird which supposed itself unobserved. The result is a series of those natural and wild-looking pictures of animals in their own surroundings which are among the greatest trophies of the camera. This passion for birds and beasts lends the book a solidity which otherwise it would hardly possess. For the Outer Hebrides provide sunsets and visions and folk-stories rather than history as it is understood on the mainland. What with the extreme loneliness of the islands and the emigration which has been steadily proceeding, it would seem as if the population consisted of seals and gulls and the history was the story of their matings and fightings. Mr. Gordon contrives to spin a charming veil of words, however, about the clouds and the gentians and the scabious and the ghosts, and the camera does its part brilliantly.

**The Human Adventure : The Conquest of Civilization.** By JAMES H. BREASTED. **The Ordeal of Civilization.** By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON. (Harper. 16s. each.)

**Civilization or Civilizations.** By E. H. GODDARD and P. A. GIBBONS. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

**An Inquiry into the Causes of the Growth and Decay of Civilization.** By THOMAS LLOYD. (Statist. 15s.)

These four books can be recommended as sound foundations for a study of the problem of civilization. Professor Breasted and Professor Robinson are two well-known American historians, and their two books give between them a bird's-eye view of the history of civilization, Professor Breasted bringing it down from the earliest times to the fall of the Roman Empire, and Professor Robinson continuing it to its triumphant conclusion in the Great War. Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons are disciples of Spengler, and their book is an attempt to expound and illustrate his theory of cycles of civilization. Mr. Lloyd's is materially a monumental work of 880 pages. The book begins with the ape and passes through early civilizations until, in Part II., we get a treatise on State Economics, while in Part III. there is a discussion of the causes which in the past have destroyed civilizations.

**The Librarian.** Edited by ALEX. J. PHILIP. (The Librarian.)

This is a very useful book of reference, particularly for publishers. It is a successor to Clegg's, and is an international directory of booksellers, publishers, binders, paper-makers, printers, &c. It contains 10,000 names, and the arrangement is admirable.

**Manhattan Transfer.** By JOHN DOS PASSOS. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

"In 'Manhattan Transfer,' we are told on its wrapper, 'a kaleidoscopic vision of New York is set down in words.' Moreover, we are also informed there what Mr. Sinclair Lewis thinks of this latest work of Dos Passos, the story of a young newspaper-man and his sometime wife, an actress. Mr. Lewis has no doubt of the nature of the accomplishment. 'Their chronicle is a skein of many-coloured threads, each thread distinct, yet all of them proceeding together.' He could have said no more of Stephen Crane, now half-forgotten, who could convey those 'heart-beats of a great city' with a swift, profound, tender truthfulness which Mr. Dos Passos, quick and powerful as he may be, never but remotely suggests.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE Parlophone has a very varied selection of records this month. The chief orchestral piece is Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite," played by the Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin, conducted by Moerike. (Four 12-in. records. E10516-19. 4s. 6d. each.) This popular work is admirably recorded by the electrical process. The same orchestra and conductor give us Smetana's Overture to "The Bartered Bride" (E10520. 4s. 6d.), a work of some musical brilliance which is more often heard at concerts in America than in this country. The Dajos Bela String Orchestra plays a "Fantasia" of the music from Giordano's "Andrea Chénier" (E10521. 4s. 6d.). We do not know why the records should give the author as F. Giordano, for his Christian name is Umberto.

Miss Edith Lorand and her orchestra, accompanied by an organ, give an interesting seventeenth-century work, a Chaconne of Vitali, the earliest master of the violin sonata. (E10523. 4s. 6d.) Miss Lorand is not as successful as usual

in her playing of this piece. She and her orchestra show to greater advantage in the less interesting music of a Venetian Barcarolle of Leoncavallo and La Serenade of Métra. (E10522. 4s. 6d.) A beautiful record of Harpsichord solos, played by Anna Linde, includes Gigge by John Bull, Hornpipe by Purcell, and Pastorale by Scarlatti. (E10524. 4s. 6d.)

The best vocal record contains two duets from "Lohengrin," "Atmest du nicht mir mir süßen Düfte?" and "Hochstes Vertrauen," (E10527. 4s. 6d.), superbly sung by Emmy Bettendorf and Lauritz Melchior. Emmy Bettendorf gives another very fine record in "Ozean du Ungeheuer," from Weber's "Oberon." (E10525. 4s. 6d.) Tino Pattiera, tenor, does justice to two old favourites, the "Flower Song," from "Carmen" and "Che gelida manina" from "La Bohème." (E10526. 4s. 6d.)

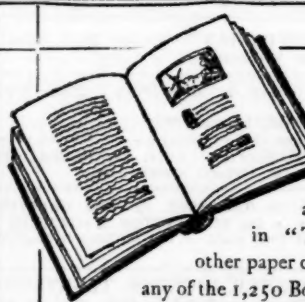
## COLUMBIA RECORDS.

SOME of the best Columbia records this month are instrumental. We can especially recommend the Purcell Air in G. major and two charming pieces of Maurice Greene, who was born in the year of Purcell's death, played on the piano by A. M. Henderson (4217. 3s.). Mr. Albert Sammons plays a Passacaglia of Nachez as a violin solo (L1834. 6s. 6d.); the London Flute Quartet play a Chopin Prelude, two short pieces of Grieg, one of Jadassohn, and one of Rimsky-Korsakov (4215. 3s.); the Catterall Quartet Cherry Ripe by Bridge and Allegro risoluto from Armstrong Gibbs's Quartet in E (9178. 4s. 6d.); Mr. Pattman on the organ Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor and Dvorak's Humoreske (9181. 4s. 6d.).

The chief orchestral piece is Dvorak's Slavonic Dances 1-4, played by Sir Dan Godfrey and the London Symphony Orchestra (two 12-in. records. L1830-1. 6s. 6d. each). They are very good records of this popular work, which shows both the merits and defects of Dvorak's brilliant fluency. Jean Lensen and his Orchestra play the melodious "Widmung" of Schumann, Op. 25, No. 1, and Hahn's Mai (4214. 3s.); the J. H. Squire Octet Handel's Largo in G and Rondo Capriccioso of Mendelssohn (9179. 4s. 6d.); and the St. James's String Quartet, the ever-recurring Minuet of Beethoven and "Drink to me only with thine Eyes" (4216. 3s.).

The La Scala Chorus, with G. Arangi-Lombardi, produce another magnificent vocal record with songs from Verdi's comparatively late opera, "La Forza del Destino" (L1833. 6s. 6d.). Mr. Watt sings two beautiful Schubert songs, "Die Forelle" and "Haiden Rosen" (4220. 3s.). Other vocal records are "Arioso" from "Pagliacci" and "E lucevan le Stelle" from "La Tosca," sung by John O'Sullivan, tenor (D1564. 4s. 6d.); "Sometimes in my Dreams" and "Because," sung by Eva Turner, soprano (D1563. 4s. 6d.); songs from "Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," sung by Arthur Jordan, tenor (9180. 4s. 6d.); and Russian songs, &c., very well sung by the Kedroff Male Quartette (L1835. 6s. 6d.). There are also two remarkable records of Community Singing by 14,000 voices on Fulham Football Ground (9182. 4s. 6d., and 4256. 3s.).

Dance music includes Lido Lady, foxtrot and one-step (4250. 3s.) and "Brown Sugar," Charleston, and "Dream of Love and You," foxtrot (4249. 3s.), played by the Piccadilly Revels Band.



## All the Books

advertised or reviewed  
in "THE NATION" or any  
other paper can be obtained through  
any of the 1,250 Bookshops & Bookstalls of

### W. H. SMITH & SON

Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.  
PARIS. BRUSSELS.



## COMPANY MEETING.

## SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND &amp; LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

The 113th Annual General Court of the Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society was held in the Society's Office, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, March 1st, 1927, R. Nevill Dundas, Esq., W.S. (Chairman of the Ordinary Court of Directors), presiding.

In moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts the Chairman alluded to the loss which the Board had sustained by the death of two of their colleagues—Mr. James A. Fleming, K.C., Sheriff of Fife and Kinross, and Mr. Andrew Agnew Ralston, O.B.E. He also referred to the appointment of a new ordinary director—Mr. Ian Frederick Cheney Bolton, C.A., and continuing, said:—

The year 1926 was one of grave social and commercial disturbance. The General Strike was perhaps the greatest attack on our social order that we have ever had in this country, and the prolonged and disastrous coal dispute—disastrous to both of the parties involved and to the nation as a whole—has necessarily had the gravest effect on the national prosperity. Such disturbances react greatly on business of all kinds, including life insurance, but notwithstanding these adverse factors our new business for the year shows an increase both gross and net over that of 1925, the increase amounting to the net sum of £138,000 after deduction of reassurances. The total new life assurances amounted to £2,477,622 gross and £2,445,222 net, and in addition we issued Capital Redemption Assurances for £71,000. Our premium income shows an increase of about £40,000, due partly to an increase in the single premiums received. Of these the greater part was received in cash and not charged on the policies by way of loans, as we have not cultivated certain special classes of business which have recently been before the public eye and may, not improbably, by this time be under the notice of the Inland Revenue Authorities. Our interest income also shows considerable increase both gross and net. The increase in the gross interest is about £52,000, and our rate of interest reckoned on the entire funds has increased by about 1s. 6d. per cent. On the other side of the account, our claims are but little more than in the previous year, reflecting a continuance of favourable mortality. Surrender values paid are slightly down, and our expenses of management, including commission, remain at the very moderate rate of 11.8 per cent. of the premium income. As the result of the operations of the year, we have added to our funds the sum of £681,266, which is a greater increase than in the previous year, and, in fact, one of the largest additions ever made in a single year.

With the addition of this sum the funds at the end of the year amounted to over 26 millions sterling.

You will remember that last year—after consideration of the strong position of the Society and the favourable results for the first two years of the current Investigation Period—we felt justified in making a considerable increase in the rate of Contingent Intermediate Bonus which we allow in respect of claims arising between quinquennial investigations. That action has now been further justified by the bonus-bearing power of a third successful year; and we look forward with every confidence to showing very satisfactory results for the full quinquennium on the occasion of the next investigation and division of surplus, to be made as at December 31st, 1928.

We are glad to have with us to-day our London Secretary, our West-End Secretary, and the Resident Secretaries of our provincial branches. I should like to express to them and to the inspectors working under them, as well as to our agents throughout the country, our appreciation of their continued loyal work for the Society during the past year. As I have pointed out in a previous address from this chair, the work of our outside staff is harder in times of trade depression than it is when trade is booming. But they are sustained in their work by their faith in the great Society which they represent, by the fact that they are not working for shareholders seeking to make commercial profits, but for a Society working on the mutual principle for the benefit of its members alone, and also by the fact, which is perhaps not sufficiently recognized, that they are not only working for the Society, but also performing a valuable social service. There can be no doubt that it is an unsocial act for a person with family responsibilities and without capital resources to be uninsured or insufficiently insured, but, unfortunately, there can also be no doubt that as a nation we are, to a very large extent, in that position. It is well known that the amount of life assurance per head of the population in our principal colonies is very much greater

than it is in the parent country. While some part of the disparity may naturally arise from the different social conditions and the smaller accumulation of wealth in new countries, yet it is clear beyond all question that these facts are not in themselves sufficient to account for so marked a difference as actually exists. It is a remarkable and humiliating fact that Great Britain, the original home of life assurance on scientific principles, should be so far behind its own colonies in those qualities of foresight and prudence which inevitably lead to an increase of life assurance. It is a truism to say that, for the man without adequate capital, life assurance gives the only effective means of providing a fund for the support of a family after the death of its head by means of comparatively small annual payments during the working years of life—but even a truism will bear repetition when there are so many who do not recognize and act upon it. We have been much struck with some figures to be found in an apparently dry and unattractive but really extremely interesting document, the report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners for a recent year. It contains an illuminating analysis of the estates, both small and large, upon which the Commissioners have levied their toll of death duties. Perhaps you will bear with me while I quote a few figures in support of my argument.

I find that of the whole number—which amounted approximately to 105,000—nearly a quarter consisted of estates between £100 and £1,000 in net value, the average being £718. This includes an average of £138 of cash in hand and at bankers; and of life assurance, how much?—an average of sixty pounds! Nearly another quarter in number consisted of estates of net value between £1,000 and £5,000, with an average of £2,620, including £315 cash and life assurance £139. The numbers then tail off rather quickly, and the next group includes about 5½ per cent. of the whole, namely, estates from £5,000 to £10,000 of net value, averaging £8,370, of which cash represented £669 and life assurance an average of £325. Grouping together the estates from £1,000 to £10,000, as probably representing the bulk of the class among which our principal operations are conducted, I find that they comprise about 30 per cent. of the total number, with an average net estate of £3,670. This includes cash £380 and life assurance of less than half as much, viz., £173, corresponding to a premium of about £5 per annum, or 2s. a week. It is true that these aggregate figures do not allow for females and unmarried men who may leave no dependents. But if we consider married men only, we find that those who left net estates from £1,000 to £10,000 were on the average insured for little more than £300. Taking the figures as a whole, is it not evident that the element of life assurance is woefully insufficient? The large proportion of cash in the case of the smaller estates is very striking, and it points, no doubt, to a disposition to put by money by means of deposits in savings banks. Within limits this is a very admirable form of thrift which has done much for the country. But in the case of those who have wives and families depending upon them, this form of saving cannot replace life assurance, for it takes a long time to build up an appreciable provision by means of small annual deposits, whereas the same annual amount invested in life assurance premiums provides from the very beginning a relatively large capital sum, which becomes available for the support of wife and family, however short the time during which the breadwinner may live to make the payments.

I have dwelt on the comparatively small estates, because doubtless it is in cases of that class that the need for life assurance is most pressing and urgent, but those who are more fortunately placed must not suppose that the matter is without its practical importance to them. If a man prior to the Budget of 1925 had the hope and expectation of leaving a provision of £50,000 in investments and life assurance, subject to estate duty on the former scale, viz., £5,000, the net provision would be £45,000, representing an annual income of, say, £2,250. Has such a man considered that the increase in the death duties will reduce this provision by £2,000, representing a loss of income of about £100 per annum, and that the only way in which this can be effectively and immediately covered is by additional life assurance?

I hope the importance of the matters I have referred to will excuse my digression from the main subject of my address, and that what I have said will perhaps be of interest to you and of some value to our outside forces. They will remember what our President, Lord Rosebery, said at one of our meetings: "Millions do not always bring happiness, but *our* millions do."

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted; the re-election of the retiring directors was carried, and the Auditor was reappointed. The thanks of the members were accorded to the directors, agents and officials for their work during the year, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

CHINA, of course, takes the foremost place in the discussion of foreign affairs this month. Sir Valentine Chirol, writing in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Chinese Upheaval," is concerned not so much to justify or to criticize the steps taken by the British Government for the protection of Shanghai as to examine the causes of the change in the Chinese attitude towards foreign settlements:—

"For more than fifty years after she was compelled to accept foreign intercourse for trading purposes, her ruling class continued to scorn Western knowledge, which the Treaties had never compelled them to accept. . . . It was only when the old regime had brought an unprecedented series of humiliating disasters upon the Chinese Empire that a younger generation . . . sought out Western education for itself. . . . One of the peculiarities of the Chinese mind is its capacity to admit contradictory beliefs, and having cast off under the impact of the West the slavery of its own sedate philosophies and rules of conduct, it has become a slave to the intoxicating delight of creating a new world which will surpass all that the West has ever dreamt of."

Mr. George Glasgow, in the same paper, writes, as usual, both entertainingly and illuminatingly on "China and the War-mongers." He commends the diplomacy of the Foreign Office, and the "restraint, patience, and far-sighted resignation with which Sir Austen Chamberlain did his best to meet what China wanted," and points out how the necessary dispatch of troops to Shanghai has been wilfully and mischievously used by a section of the Press as a pretext for "beating on the big drum," and the mobilizing of "big headlines and picture-pages to show the popular enthusiasm with which for instance the Coldstreams swung over Westminster Bridge en route for Waterloo Station, Southampton, and China. . . . That rubbish was promptly telegraphed and reproduced in all the Chinese papers . . ." and produced the opposite effect to the one the Foreign Office were honestly aiming at. Mr. Glasgow has also an interesting note on Mr. Kellogg's statement that the United States has no concessions in China:—

"Mr. Kellogg's distinction between 'concession' and 'settlement' was an excellent, if surprising, piece of research work. Its interest, however, is more archaeological than practical. . . . So far as the defence of foreign interests is concerned, America has as much responsibility as Great Britain, and if her interpretation of the position leaves to Great Britain the exclusive burden of protecting life and property within the settlement she thereby assigns to the British Government the honour of defending American as well as British lives."

Mr. Robert Machray, writing in the "Fortnightly" on "British Policy in China," is, on the whole, sympathetic to Sir Austen Chamberlain's endeavours, but he seems to regard the dispatch of the troops as a display of "firmness," and a little to misunderstand the spirit of Sir Austen Chamberlain's letter to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations: " . . . it is loot that lies at the back of most of the troubles of China; if it be said that this is to take a low view of Chinese 'aspirations,' the answer must be that there is a good deal of truth in it. . . ." There is indeed a good deal of truth in it, historical truth, and, as a nation, we must be very insensitive, or have but short memories, if at the mention of the word "loot" coupled with China, our withers are unwrung. In the same paper, Mrs. Beatrix Gull, realizing that if the new undertakings are carried out, British male-factors will come under Chinese administration of justice, considerably provides an account of "Life in a Chinese Prison"—not very reassuring. The article in "The Round Table" on "China and the British Proposals" concludes: "The real justification for our policy was summed up by Sir Austen Chamberlain as follows: 'It is the right and the only right thing to do.'" Mr. Wickham Steed ("Review of Reviews") touches on the Chinese crisis under that magnificent heading of his—"The Progress of the World"—and is still fighting the good fight against the more evil and less known aspects of Fascism. Mr. John Bell writes in the "Fortnightly" on "The Rhine Problem," and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has an article in the "Contemporary Review" on "John Morley."

"The Enemy" is a new Review of Art and Literature, edited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. This first number contains "A Note on Poetry and Belief," by Mr. T. S. Eliot, and a long essay by the Editor called "The Revolutionary Simpleton."

The "Adelphi" has another "Morning in Mexico," by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. G. W. Knight writes on "Brutus and Cassius."

INSURANCE NOTES  
FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

THE ambition to achieve a measure of financial success is shared by everyone. It is not so much that money in itself is our aim, but rather that it is the means of attaining the majority of our ambitions. Success in any line of endeavour must invariably start with the choice of a definite goal. The man who has developed his creative imagination and has a proper objective in life will make good use of time and employ scientific methods of effectively translating hopes into realities and exchanging the things unseen for the reality of possession. The navigator steams the seas and makes for his destination guided by charts. He takes his bearings and passes landmarks which mark the path of progress on his way to port. Most of us expect to work for another fifteen or twenty years, during which period a definite plan of financial independence can be accomplished. Plans for saving will vary according to earning capacity. Earning power is made up of the two factors ability and time. However much ability you possess, time will be required to complete your programme. A man who works month after month with the vague idea of saving is like a ship without a compass. When a definite plan of achievement has been set, every endeavour should be made to use the best means of reaching it. Ways and means will be found of turning wasteful expenditure into the productive channel, so that every day becomes a stepping-stone on the road of progress. The average man cannot save a large sum in any one year, so it is best to spread the payments on an investment of a certain definite sum over as long a period as possible.

Time is a factor over which none of us has control, so it is advisable for a man with a wife and family or other dependents to place savings in a wisely chosen Endowment Assurance, so that if he does not live to complete his plan the unpaid deposits on the sum set to be saved will be cancelled at death. A large part of a man's earnings or profits are usually projected into the future. The successful writer, doctor, lawyer, and business man all have within them the personal ability which represents a potential fortune—but they must live to collect it. The life assurance plan is the only one by which this fortune can be capitalized and the hazard of the uncertainty of life eliminated. Besides this, the power of compound interest is placed in harness. Small sums are automatically put to work, and are earning and working at a maximum capacity. The compound interest feature often makes each £ saved become £2 when the saving plan is complete; £10 a year saved for fourteen years at 5 per cent. compound interest will be sufficient to yield at the same rate of interest £10 a year for ever—£10 a year saved for twenty-two years will yield £20 a year for ever; while £10 a year for thirty-six years will yield £50 a year for ever. If £10 a year was borrowed for fourteen years and no interest paid, £10 a year for ever would never reduce the debt. The following is an illustration of a plan of saving for a young man of thirty who, we will assume, desires to have £5,000 when he reaches age fifty-five. Dividing the twenty-five years into the £5,000, we find that £200 would be required to be set aside each year. Only £100 a year, however, would be required to be saved each year if paid to one of the best Life Offices, with the current income-tax allowance and profit basis taken into account. The first annual deposit or its quarterly equivalent paid to the Life Office would immediately bring into force an endowment assurance of £2,857, which would be £357 more than the total aggregate deposits over the whole twenty-five years. Bonuses are added each year, and £3,000 reached by the third year, £4,000 by the sixteenth year, while at maturity the sum to be drawn would be £5,010. This return is over £100 per cent. of the amount put by, and yields a compound rate of 5 per cent. free of tax, which equals a taxable investment at 6½ per cent. Even after only six years the immediate cash value of the savings are in excess of the net amounts paid out. If you own a house you doubtless insure against fire, and your car against fire, theft, and accidental damage, because a financial loss more or less serious may be involved. The man earning £1,000 a year would require a fund of £20,000 to replace his income.

SCRIBO.

[These notes are written by a recognized Insurance Consultant, and are written to advise THE NATION readers on Insurance matters. Queries are welcomed and answered, without charge, in strict confidence. Address your Insurance queries to "Scribo," THE NATION, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.]



COMPANY MEETING.

BOVRIL, LTD.

EVER-GROWING POPULARITY.

Presiding at the 30th annual general meeting of Bovril, Limited, held at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., the Chairman, Sir George Lawson Johnston, said that last year he left for South America in July, and returned to England in November. Naturally, he spent the bulk of his time going over the properties of the Argentine Estates of Bovril, Limited, which now extended, including the rented estancias, to a million and a half acres, upon which they had about a quarter million head of cattle. On the occasion of this visit he, however, included in his itinerary a trip of over 1,500 miles up the Parana River, above Buenos Aires, i.e., through Paraguay into what they might call Brazil's back door, the State of Matto Grosso.

BRITISH GAMES CAPTURE SOUTH AMERICA.

Taking the whole of the southern part of South America, he believed the greatest change that had taken place as regards individual habits had been due to the introduction of British games, football and tennis. He believed there were more players of football in the Argentine, proportionately to the population, than there were here—he meant players, not spectators. At the Bovril Factory Village of Santa Elena they had four very lively teams, North, South, East, and Central. Enthusiasm was so great throughout the Argentine that it had been found necessary to legislate to prevent teams playing in the hottest part of the summer, and, remember, that meant when the temperature was over 100 deg. Fahrenheit. In the town of Concepcion, in Paraguay, inside the tropic of Capricorn, he noticed four football grounds. They might be surprised to hear that in Paraguay he saw vigorous football played with bare feet.

He could not help thinking that the exercise and general atmosphere associated with the playing of healthy team games would do much to improve the physical stamina and develop a team-working spirit in the countries he had referred to, and in Argentina in particular.

The associations surrounding the ownership of a proprietary article were very important, and he thought it would be difficult to find any article which stood better than Bovril in this respect. The public not only valued Bovril for what it is, but had a special regard for it because, though the company paid their full share of taxes, they did not raise their prices during the war, and therefore earned no excess profits. In other words, they were not war profiteers.

BOVRIL AND INDUSTRIAL WELFARE.

Progressive and enlightened employers were more and more coming to appreciate the fact that it was sound policy to look after the health of their employees. Better work was done, and it was done in a better spirit when the employees felt that their welfare and comfort were not lost sight of by the management.

Amongst other welfare measures it had become the custom with a number of large business concerns to serve all the members of their staff with a cup of Bovril each forenoon during the winter, and the result of this during the present influenza epidemic, as shown by the small percentage of absenteeism, had been highly satisfactory to all concerned.

OVER 16,000 BOVRIL SHAREHOLDERS.

The number of shareholders, noteholders and debenture-holders in Bovril, Limited, was now 16,300, and there was distributed among them for the year 1926 £304,000, so that their average income from Bovril was £18 13s.

Sir James Crichton Browne, thanking the shareholders for his re-election as a director, said he was gratified to be associated in that re-election with their helmsman—Sir George Lawson Johnston—who had steered the good ship Bovril through some rough weather in the last twelve months, on a straight course and even keel, and had demonstrated that:—

"Strikes may come  
And strikes may go,  
But Bovril goes on for ever."

STRENGTHENING THE DEFENSIVE FORCES.

Bovril stimulated the secretion of gastric juice, and thus assisted digestion. It supplied material for the repair of the tissues and encouraged other foods to do the same, and it relieved—promptly relieved—as they all knew from experience—that sense of tiredness, fatigue, and exhaustion which was the note of warning that the door was open for the enemy to steal in. They flattered themselves that Bovril had played some part in warding off the malady which had been lately so prevalent amongst them, and in mitigating its severity. He did not want to put too fine a point on it, but there had been a parallelism between the decline of the epidemic in London in the last two weeks and the enormous increase in the demand for Bovril. Bovril was literally and metaphorically a draft of oxen that had hauled many folks through these dangerous times.

COMPANY MEETING.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD.

The nineteenth annual ordinary general meeting of Selfridge & Co., Ltd., was held on February 25th, at the company's store, Oxford Street, W. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director), who presided, said: During the somewhat difficult months this business has steadily developed. Its most important step was the sale of its branch businesses in the provinces to the Selfridge Provincial Stores, Limited, and while this entire transaction is so fresh in the public's mind it hardly seems necessary to repeat it in detail here. It did result, however, in a profit to Selfridge & Co., Ltd., over and above the figures at which these properties were standing upon our books of about £331,000, and allowing us to add £325,000 to the reserve. At the same time it deprived our Profit and Loss Account of the profits of these branch businesses for the last half of the year which, during the previous year, had amounted to £33,700.

During a large part of the year we have been deprived of over one-quarter of our Oxford Street frontage because of the rebuilding of the central portion of the Store, and this has, of course, cut into the selling space of many departments. It would have been a little easier to make our results higher if this selling area had been available.

I may, perhaps, refer to the extremely low figure at which Fixtures, Furniture, Machinery, Motors, &c., stand. As compared with corresponding figures in almost any other similar Balance-Sheet, and when considering the enormous size of this Store, they appear ridiculously small, but this result has been obtained through our policy of depreciation.

It does show, furthermore, that, as is always our custom, a large part of the profits has been left in the business. The arbitrary depreciations which we always take are very large—much too large if the only effort was to declare big dividends. But such is not our only desire, and we are happy in seeing these items on the credit side of the sheet pulled down, notwithstanding the fact that they are actually worth far more than the original figures call for. If appraised to-day the first item would probably come out at nearer £4,000,000 than the £2,800,000. Even in the face of this we shall continue to depreciate that item and everything else which permits of depreciation until they disappear altogether.

It is interesting, to say the least, to note that our entire cash obligations—including the remaining debentures—amount to only £690,560, while one glance at the credit side of the sheet shows quick assets far in excess of that comparatively small sum—a very agreeable position.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Nearly 12% of the

entire population of Australia—men, women and children—is numbered among the members of the Australian Mutual Provident Society. The Society is mutual—all surplus being distributed yearly to policy-holders. Low working expenditure and a fortunate mortality experience also benefit assurers. An A.M.P. policy not only assures life. It is a sound investment, giving the utmost profit and absolute security. The premium rates are low, and—

EVERY YEAR IS A BONUS YEAR.

Write for particulars now:



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

LONDON OFFICE: 73-76, King William St., E.C.4.  
W. C. FISHER, Manager for the United Kingdom.

INSURANCE?  
THE PRUDENTIAL  
OF COURSE!

## THE STAMP COLLECTOR

ONE of the most famous stamps, which is valuable because of its being of a freak nature, is shortly to be sold in London, namely, the famous Western Australia fourpence blue, with "swan" inverted. Issued in 1854, this particular denomination provides stamp collectors with many varieties, but an "inverted centre" is always of particular fascination and easily the most famous of all stamps showing the type of error in printing in the celebrated Swan River Colony with centre upside down. Many instances of this type of misprint exist, but not one that is so famous as this one. Purists amongst philatelists tell us that it is not the swan in the centre which is inverted, but the frame, but we all look upon it and regard it as being a case of "centre inverted," the centre bearing the device of the swan, the emblem of Western Australia, the old Swan River Settlement.

Only about twelve examples of this stamp are known in varying states of preservation, and it has fetched as much as £1,000. The market value of an average specimen, however, is reckoned at nearer £500 than the figure previously mentioned. It is unusual for a lithographed stamp produced in one colour to show a variety of this type, but inverted centres are not so uncommon where a stamp is printed in two colours. A careless operator may easily place the sheet of stamps in the press upside down for the second printing—which is the usual explanation of these errors, a famous example of this type being the four annas of India, 1854, peculiarly enough the corresponding denomination and of the same year as the Western Australian error.

This variety is a great rarity. The stamps were printed in two operations, the frame being red, and the centre, which depicted the bust of Queen Victoria, was blue. A perfect example of this stamp remains to be found; mutilated specimens cut to the octagonal shape of the frame design are sometimes met with, and even these realize between £200 and £300 each.

The best-known errors of this nature occur in the stamps of the United States of America; many examples are found in this country issued at various times, over indeed a very long period, the most valuable perhaps being the comparatively recently issued 24 cents with aeroplane (the centre) inverted. One sheet of a hundred was bought over the post office counter at face value—rumour says that the original purchaser demanded his money back as the stamps were not properly printed, and no examples are known that have passed through the post. Each example now sells for approximately £150!

Another and rarer example of this type is the still more recent Jamaica one shilling pictorial issue of December, 1920. Very few indeed of these are known, and owing to the similarity of colour of centre and frame the majority of these errors will have passed unnoticed and consequently been destroyed, thus being lost to the collecting public.

On the whole, very little of real importance and value has been on the market of late in London, or indeed Paris and New York, and it is obvious that the demand for rare pieces exceeds the supply. The tendency is for the rarest and finest stamps to appreciate considerably, whilst the more ordinary goods remain stationary, for the simple reason that they can be obtained when wanted. These remarks apply to the older issues. When dealing with recent emissions, the speculative element assumes a position of greater importance, and the vital factor of "condition" hardly enters—as practically all modern stamps are obtainable in perfect condition.

Some remarkably handsome issues have appeared during the past twelve months from Egypt, stamps which compare favourably with anything yet produced in any part of the world, both from the points of view of conception of design and quality of production. There has been rather too much rapidity in the changing of design than what purely postal purposes would demand, however, and the speculative—or rather, should we say the money-raising?—element has been too much in the forefront to be to the liking of most experienced connoisseurs.

PHILATELIST.

## Frank Godden Ltd.

**STAMP DEALERS AND  
PHILATELIC PUBLISHERS**

Philatelic Exhibitors to  
61 Colonial Governments.

**BUYERS OF ANYTHING  
OF**

**PHILATELIC VALUE  
OLD GENERAL COLLECTIONS  
SPECIALISED COLLECTIONS  
SINGLE RARITIES**

**OR  
PARCELS OF STAMPS**

**Highest Market Prices Paid.**

**ONE OF THE FINEST  
STOCKS IN THE WORLD**

**READY FOR INSPECTION.**

**SELECTIONS SENT ON  
APPROVAL ANY DISTANCE.**

**THE PREMIER HOUSE**

**FOR  
ARRANGING AND WRITING - UP  
COLLECTIONS.**

**OVER 100 AWARDS OBTAINED  
BY COLLECTIONS WRITTEN UP  
AND ARRANGED BY US AT THE  
LAST SEVEN INTERNATIONAL  
:: STAMP EXHIBITIONS ::**

**CALL, WRITE OR 'PHONE  
359, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2**

Telephone :  
Regent 3522.

Cable : Atelaphil,  
Rand, London.



## DISTINCT FROM ALL OTHERS

### THE BOND STREET AUCTION SERVICE

**O**WNERS of rare single stamps, General or Specialised collections seeking disposal are invited to place their stamps in THE BOND STREET AUCTIONS held weekly at The Old Bond Street Galleries. Fully Illustrated Catalogues of all sales are issued and sent out several weeks in advance to our 2,000 clients free of charge, and your collection receives world-wide publicity. For Rare stamps in good condition we obtain Record prices, and our Clients are willing to pay high prices for any of their particular requirements.

**C**OLLECTORS who seek QUALITY and VALUE will find THE BOND STREET AUCTION SERVICE a great help to them in obtaining their wants. All stamps sold are as described, and expert advice on purchasing is at the disposal of every buyer whether of a small collection or World Rarities. We invite all Collectors to write for Catalogues, which are supplied free of charge or obligation.

**H. R. HARMER,** *Philatelic Auctioneer,  
Expert & Valuer*

*Old Bond Street Galleries,*

**6, 7 & 8, Old Bond St., LONDON, W.1**

Telegrams and Cables:—"Phistamsel-Piccy, London,"  
Telephone:—Gerrard 1623.

EVERY COLLECTOR

will delight in  
Mr. Dandy Marshall's book

THE

## BRITISH POST OFFICE

50/- net.

It gives, for the first time, a full and illustrated history of the Post Office, and points out how many postal objects there are worth collecting besides stamps.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

*Amen House,*

*E.C.4*

Come, or send, to—

## The Finest Stamp Shop in England

—and the best anywhere—

for EVERYTHING in connection with Stamp Collecting. I have one of the finest stocks of stamps in the world, embracing all issues and countries. Only perfect stamps are offered; all are guaranteed genuine and my prices are always reasonable.

My Shop Window Display is the best advertisement for Philately in all London.

*Every Philatelic Requirement Supplied.*

**WANTED**

to purchase—stamps, either singly or in collections. Best CASH prices paid.

**D. FIELD,** *Stamp Expert,*

**7, Vigo Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.**

*'Phone: Regent 0918. Cables & Telegrams: "Aphielda, London."*

## BRITISH STAMPS

**Selections on Approval.**

### We Can Fill Your Wants.

**LINE-ENGRAVED,** 1d. blacks, all plated 1a to 11; 1d. red, and 2d. blue from all plates; also all varieties of re-entries, double letters, postmarks, etc., etc.

**SURFACE-PRINTED.** Including all plate-numbers, errors and varieties.

**OFFICIALS,** unused and used.

**TELEGRAPHS AND POSTAL FISCALS.**

**CONTROLS,** complete, of Queen, Edward, and George in singles, strips and blocks of 6.

**EDWARDIAN AND GEORGIAN.** All the different printings, dies, shades, and errors of watermark, in singles, pairs, blocks, etc.

**PROOFS AND ESSAYS.** A very fine and unique stock.

**BRITISH USED ABROAD.** Very fine lot, including used on entire envelopes.

**BRITISH LEVANT, MOROCCO, CYPRUS and OIL RIVERS.**

*Address all communications to*

**CHAS. NISSEN & CO., LTD.,**  
63, HIGH HOLBORN — LONDON, W.C.1.

*Telephone: Chancery 5151.*

## STAMPS BOUGHT

I am a buyer of stamp collections and single rare stamps.

High prices paid for anything suitable.

**F. R. MUIRHEAD,**

**61, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells**

## OLD STAMPS BOUGHT

Turn out your old letters and send me the envelopes with the stamps on them—they may be worth a lot of money! Highest cash prices for anything GOOD in stamps ::



**R. DALWICK, DORKING, Surrey**

## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## COLWYN REPORT—THE STAMP DUTY—COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE—V.O.C.

FROM the practical point of view the report of the Colwyn Committee on National Debt and Taxation has not greatly helped the investor. The Committee uttered the pious hope that Government debt would be paid off or converted at the earliest dates of maturity, but did not suggest how the £2,000 million block of 5 per cent. War Loan was to be dealt with in 1929. Nor did the Committee express any views on the future course of money rates. To say, then, that "it would be in the best interests of the State to issue all future loans at a figure not very appreciably below par," carries us nowhere. At what rate? Does the Committee think it possible to bring Government credit down to a 4 per cent. basis in the near future? It remarked that "a consistent policy of providing sums for debt redemption must exercise an important effect in raising the level of the prices of Government securities and lowering the real yield of interest thereon or in maintaining the level should other factors tend to a general depression of security values." That is true, but how quickly can the real yield be lowered? The Committee's plan is to raise the general Sinking Fund from £50,000,000 to £75,000,000 within five years (by imposing additional taxation if necessary), and thereafter by degrees to £100,000,000 per annum. But they recognized that owing to the coal strike the first step in this programme may not be possible this year. All this confirms the view we have previously expressed that there is no need to rush from short-dated into long-dated Government securities.

The Stock Exchange was, however, delighted to read that the Colwyn Committee did not view the Stamp Duty with much favour. The Committee recommended that if the £2 per cent. duty on bearer bonds should be detected as having any adverse influence on foreign loan business, the rate of duty should be lowered. This £2 stamp duty on bearer bonds does not apply to Colonial Government or Colonial municipal bonds, but to the foreign Government, municipal and industrial business which the City is particularly anxious to attract. Some of the witnesses before the Colwyn Committee doubted whether the £2 stamp duty had in any actual instance resulted in business being lost to the City of London. We could have furnished the Committee with concrete evidence that foreign business has been lost on this account. The £2 stamp has frequently been a deciding factor in the competition between London and other financial centres for new foreign issues. It is precisely in those cases where the competition is keenest that the business is most desirable. If we have money to lend abroad let us lend it at the best rate and on the best security obtainable. What often happens in practice is that the business goes to New York and yet the loan comes back to London to be placed in firm hands. The effect on the exchanges is the same, but it is the New York houses which rake off the greater part of the commissions. It seems absurd to retain a form of tax which gives away the best financial business to foreign competitors.

Columbia Graphophone shares have risen steadily from 58s. 6d. to 68s. 9d. since the beginning of the year. We recommended these shares in June, 1926, when they were standing at 46s. cum-dividend of 2s. 7d. The rise during the last ten days has been rather steep, but for the long view we think it is fully justified. An additional amount of 288,094 ordinary shares of 10s. was issued in January, 1927, in order to complete and simplify the company's financial interest in its American subsidiary, Columbia (International) Limited, which owns a controlling interest in the Columbia Phonograph Company of America, the Carl Lindstrom Company of Germany (which owns a number of factories on the Continent), and the Transoceanic Trading Company of Holland, which has works and undertakings on the Continent and in South America. This issue brought the total issued capital to £694,047—£300,000 in 7 per cent. preference shares of £1, and £394,047 in ordinary shares of 10s. Dividends for the last two years have been at the rate of 40 per cent. An

interim dividend of 7½ per cent. in respect of the current year has already been paid. The revenue for the year ended March 31st, 1926, was earned on the original capital of only £200,000, and it is clear that the final dividend and bonus in respect of the year to March 31st next will at least be maintained at the same rate as for the previous year. There can be little doubt that the revenue in respect of the current year will show encouraging expansion in spite of the coal strike. Indeed, it has already been made public that the sales of Columbia records in this country for the month of December, 1926, were in excess of 2,000,000, which, it is understood, shows an increase of about 25 per cent. over the number sold in December, 1925. Recent reports of the gramophone trade as a whole in this country and in America are very favourable, and in our view the Columbia Graphophone Company, with its small capitalization and exceptionally efficient management, is in the best position to take advantage of the normal expansion of this industry.

Three weeks ago we could see no merit in the oil share "boom." Since then the production of crude oil in America has risen still further, the price of Pennsylvania crude oil has been reduced, and the price level generally in the oil markets has become unstable. The leading oil shares have already reacted, but not, in our opinion, enough. The supreme instance of inflation is V.O.C. Holding shares, which have been carried to 4½ cum a potential dividend of only 15 per cent. Does the market realize that the price received by the V.O.C. Holding for its crude oil may be reduced? Arbitration on this point is pending, but compared with the equivalent price of Californian crude oil f.o.b. New York, the price received by the V.O.C. for its oil under the Royal Dutch-Shell contract is too high.



SECURITY - £11,839,056

Accident = Fire = Marine

The Company transacts, either direct or through its Allied Companies, all classes of Insurance Business.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATION: 7, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2



1927

urrent  
ended  
only  
onus  
st be  
There  
urrent  
coal  
t the  
th of  
it is  
r the  
ports  
nd in  
mbia  
n and  
sition  
istry.

share  
merica  
le oil  
he oil  
have  
The  
nares,  
end of  
price  
ay be  
com-  
f.o.b.  
its oil

e

1  
e

2.2